THE
COMMONWEAL

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DECLARATIONS OF DEPENDENCE

THE vision of society as a battleground on which varied innately hostile interests and ambitions compete for mastery has passed. Instead, we cling now to a newer idea—which is also an older ideal—of mankind as a creative forum in which every group strives to achieve its own purpose as fully as possible. Our most active hope is not to advance the cause of either bourgeoisie or proletariat, but to dissolve these classes as far as is practicable and to replace them with organizations conscious alike of their own differentiated importance and of their separate places in the community scheme. René Johannet has recently come brilliantly to the defense of M. Jourdain, that ambitious representative of the middle-class who, in Molière's comedy, was deterred neither by his humble origins nor by his unfamiliarity with the art of prose. Was there not, we are asked, much admirable stuff in M. Jourdain? He happened, it is true, to be only an upstart; but he was eager to learn, to do and to enjoy, which, after all, are appropriate aristocratic infinitives.

Now whatever else may be submitted in defense of M. Jourdain, it is certainly true that his children have been the important advocates of proletarian welfare. While the victims of the factory system—the economic and social fournées of the industrial revolution—grew steadily more inert, brilliant men and women who had profited by money, leisure, and education awoke with a start to the frightful human waste exacted by industrialism. They alone ventured to suggest a remedy, because they alone were competent to diagnose the disease. All forms of ministration, whether individual or social, are, of course, by-products of idealism to some extent. But those who have tried, during the past fifty years, to halt the cultural deterioration of the wage-earner were often practical humanists. They expressed themselves in what may be called declarations of dependence. They saw that human welfare is doomed unless those who have the power to direct affairs recognize that both responsibilities and rewards of community living must be distributed among all.

Therefore it is interesting to turn, just now, to the life story of a woman whose individuality does not prevent her from being a representative type of the modern social reformer. Beatrice Webb's My Apprenticeship (briefly reviewed elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal) is precisely what its title lays claim to being—the record of how a member of the English middle-class learned how to deal with the problem of the social underling. Born with a curious and tenacious mind that would not grin contentedly at the little routine of social envies which was all life seemed to hold in store for her, this determined woman set

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about informing herself. First came Herbert Spencer and theories about what humanity was becoming or ought to become; then followed that intense devotion to social facts which was later to have its share in making the Fabian Socialist movement the form which British communism preferred to assume.

Mrs. Webb is curt and definite in her summary of the philosophy by which her outlook was determined. "This was," she says, "the mid-Victorian trend of thought and feeling. There was the current belief in the scientific method, in that intellectual synthesis of observation and experiment, hypothesis and verification, by means of which alone all mundane problems were to be solved. And added to this belief in science was the consciousness of a new motive; the transference of the emotion of self-sacrificing service from God to man." In other words, the faith by which she—and to a greater or lesser extent all the Socialists—lived, was that science could do for man what faith in God could not. The rest was easy. Brilliant invention had proved that the possibilities for developing the machinery of production were almost unlimited. Economic study demonstrated that those who should have profited most by this development—that is, the workers—were starving in the midst of plenty. The obvious solution was to coördinate scientific production and scientific consumption—by law. It mattered little how one hoped to arrive at this solution. Karl Marx insisted that, because of the actual tendency of "rich" and "poor" to become superlatives, nothing could be done except to impose by force an ideal tendency—that is, to stage a proletarian revolution. The Fabian Socialists declared that, since the electorate was a weapon already forged, political energy could induce the necessary, equitable solution. In both instances it was assumed that the metaphysical and religious faculties of man had become fossilized. What mattered was simply this: what are we going to do, here and now, about the here and now?

This mid-Victorian, middle-class point of view, so fascinatingly illustrated in Mrs. Webb's book, is worthy of attention because it, and it alone, gave birth to what has been the most important working plan for the redemption of the proletariat. It happens to be of especial interest just now because of three recent events. The first is the one hundredth anniversary of the communistic colony which Robert Owen, rising from an environment quite like that of Mrs. Webb's early years, attempted to establish at New Harmony, Indiana. What was most noteworthy about this experiment, which figured so largely in the conversation of our ancestors, was that, relatively at least, it succeeded in solving the problems of economics which had banded its supporters together. It did "eliminate profit and extinguish the profit-taker." The catastrophe which rendered it a memory was a fatal lack of agreement about metaphysical and religious matters. Because of them, New Harmony, which housed a rather distinguished group of people, utterly belied its name. And thereby was demonstrated once again that citizens may starve together amiably—as did the early Franciscan brotherhood—but that no social charms conceivable will keep them from each other's throats when the life of the soul is in question. Because it denied this abiding reality, the social conscience which developed out of the mid-Victorian mind was fundamentally fantastical; and the safest thing to say about Richard Owen is that he happened to be philanthropically mistaken.

The second recent event to which we make reference is the publication of Werner Sombart's Proletarian Socialism. Certainly one of the most careful and competent German observers of modern life, Sombart finds that the really important point about the communists is not the thing they propose doing, but the reasons why they wish to do it. Fundamentally, there are only three motives which can underlie a social system—power, reason and love. The last of these is a religious motive, and to it we shall return later. The first, preëminently natural and fortuitous, is the guiding spirit of capitalism; and though it is often modified by benevolence or even religious charity, it remains content to take the world basically as it is—a world dependent upon the resources of nature and whatever intelligence exploits these. But the socialistic scheme has reason for its mainspring. It seeks a "rational" and regulated society, made according to the formulae of science. And because there is nothing which the vast majority of men, belonging to all groups, are so little inclined to accept as the authority of "reason," the very mainspring of socialism is the cause for its perennially running down.

The third event—it is one to which we have referred previously—is the centenary of Saint Francis. He, among all European men, is the one who preached most exultingly the law of social love. He modified the reality of natural power by accepting uncompromisingly the more transcendent reality of supernatural power. And though society may never copy the mystical directness with which he solved the problem of existence, it can wisely apply no principle excepting his: to build, in the spirit of a common love for God, the dwelling in which the community shall live. William James, in his sceptical manner, once said that only this principle would promote the welfare of man. We believe that many people are now half-consciously echoing him. Wherever the spirit of coöperation is developing, whether in industry or agriculture; wherever this coöperation is fostered by the direct or indirect aid of the state—there, blindly, possibly, but yet very actually, a society that was constructed out of power is giving away to a society which is based on love. And the great mission of the Church is to continue, by every means and all graces in her custody, her eternal task of making a social rule of this Franciscan doctrine: "Magna res est amor."

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WEEK BY WEEK

LEST one dismiss the news that the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference is to begin its work on May 17 with a contemptuous shrug, as if this were something like a meeting of football coaches to talk over new rules for the game, it is worth noting that the civilized world will spend something like twenty billion dollars this year on getting ready to fight. This estimate excludes the sums disbursed by head-hunters, desert chieftains and Chinese bandits. A nation which, like the United States, is dedicated to the preservation of peace will have to levy a per capita tax of something like five dollars to cover the cost of bright new weapons. If there were a sudden imminent danger of war, this sum would be doubled and redoubled, and the attendant waste of human effort proportionately multiplied.

IN other words, military preparedness involves a problem in economics which every citizen must be interested in, whether he wishes to or not. The Disarmament Conference is simply a practical attempt to solve the problem by reducing the area into which competition must enter. It is something like a meeting of the board of directors to curtail overhead expenditures. But no effort it makes will be permanently valuable unless the general public—the aggregation of shareholders—resolves to bear its portion of the work to be done. We in America, for instance, cannot remain cynically indifferent to what is done about chemical warfare and mastodonic artillery on the battlefields of Europe. Though we may aver that never again shall our troops figure there, we must know that prophecy is put to flight by history and that we are as little able to forecast our future actions as a small boy is to predict that he will grow up into a successful playwright. The present is the only time in which action is possible; and the immediate present is big with one question: "What can be done at Geneva?"

MEANWHILE, the affairs of the League of Nations are still remote from settlement. Apart from the problem created by the attitude of Brazil, there is an abidingly dangerous difference of opinion concerning the question of Germany's eastern boundaries. No matter how conciliatory the program of its present government may be, it is evident that the Reich will not accept the status quo, in this instance, without a hot fight. Other powers are no less interested in guaranteeing the conditions created by the post-war agreements; and the policy of the Little Entente is one of angry opposition to proposed—or hoped for—changes. Out of this situation develops the fact that the League, at least under present circumstances, can be little more than an organ of European opinion. It can go no farther than the peoples who adhere to it are willing to go; it can act only when differing interests concede that it should act.

THE London Outlook is frank in commenting upon the conduct of Sir Austen Chamberlain. This, we are told, was dictated by "Britain's own uncertainties." For, after all, Britain is the "central state of a world-wide empire," though as "the head and breast of this empire" she might be the recipient of a "fatal blow delivered from Europe." Therefore, concludes the Outlook, "British policy pursues, and must needs pursue, a somewhat wavering course between the extremes of imperial solidarity in isolation and insular engagements to European allies." At present, the "course" has wavered abnormally owing "to the contradiction between the extension of our frontier to the Rhine—for that is what it comes to—and the refusal to extend it to the Vistula." The remedy, opines the editor, lies in marking time until "a full and frank discussion" can have been held "with the dominions at the Imperial Conference on the place of Europe in empire policy." Comment on this engaging platform is unnecessary. One might, however, not unprofitably recall that several statesmen have, from time to time, urged discussion of "the place of the British empire in European policy." The obverse of the Outlook's frankness is nothing else than Coudenhove-Kalergi's Pan-Europa—an inn in which there is no room for Britain.

WHEN next the electorate rallies to the defense of the country, Mr. Volstead's code may or may not become a matter of fundamental moment; but the problem of the tariff is sure to be one of the biggest stakes in the fray. It is curious to observe that prac-

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tically the same charges as are brought against prohibition enforcement figure in the attack upon the United States Tariff Commission, even if the two things are wholly different in character. There is a feeling of dissatisfaction among representatives of both parties with what the commission has accomplished, with the rules it has followed in imposing duties, and with the attitude of mind which has guided it. More than a few congressmen openly avow, clearly with more than a little reasonableness, that no independent governmental bureau can control a taxation schedule so intricate, so deeply involved in varying industrial activities, and so much exposed to the pressure of special pleading. But, it might be asked in return, if the Tariff Commission cannot handle this problem, who can? We might surrender a point and suggest that even if federal commissions are dangerous and notably inefficient, an exception might be made in favor of a few appointive boards established to supervise business and industrial affairs.

OBVIOUSLY the same defense cannot be offered for prohibition enforcement, the advocates of which rejoice at the fact that officials are found "only 10 percent corrupt and 5 percent efficient." Nor can it be offered for bureaus not yet established, but urged—among which the bitterly discussed Department of Education is most in the public eye. To begin with, government which fails to administer the tariff with commendable accuracy could not be expected to regulate other than farcically the dietetics of the growing mind. But there is a very practical aspect of the matter which needs stressing. The formation of federal commissions was the outcome of a feeling that, even though the public could not itself perform the duties of government, it might, by centralizing some of those duties into the hands of a few experts, keep tab on what was being done. "Pitiless publicity" was heralded as the reliable auditor of this business-like public service. But how can the majority of citizens observe with any care the work of bureaus and commissions multiplied beyond number and secluded from view by the fact that they are mutually neighbors? A nation may profitably employ an attorney or two; but if it turns over all its affairs to a swarm of fully empowered and augustly sequestered dictators, it will be in the same situation as a man who peacefully agrees to a miraculous multiplication of mothers-in-law.

ON the whole, the major press of the country is showing commendable alacrity in keeping the spotlight of publicity turned on the right places in the senatorial investigation of the workings of the Volstead Act. But, even at the risk of a reduplication of effort, we cannot help turning a modest hand-torch of our own on one particularly precious corner of the give-and-take that has been going on between General Andrews and Senator Reed, if only for the personal reason that it enforces some remarks that we felt impelled to make ourselves last week on the specious plea for "efficiency" in the administration of law when its processes are all hampered by old conceptions of liberty too slow for our federal go-getters:

SENATOR REED: "You want the power to revoke or refuse a permit on evidence which you cannot take into court and cannot sustain?" General Andrews: "Well, I do not want to take it into court. The courts are more than crowded now. It is awfully hard to get these things done." Senator Reed: "You want to have the right to refuse to reissue a permit upon evidence which may be satisfactory to you, but which you could not present to a court and expect to sustain your case on?" General Andrews: "Senator, as I see it, this is an administrative function of determining whether or not a man should be entitled to transact business; whether there is any necessity for it, and whether it is a good economic thing for him to do it." No amount of comment, it seems to us, could greatly improve this revelation of what really lies at the bottom of the "administrative mind" and is fished out of it only by skilful and searching questioning. When a few more such specimens have been gaffed and landed, popular common sense may awake to the full measure of the abdications which were asked from it in a time of national crisis and whose perpetuation is being sought today by energetic minorities. Once awakened, we believe with General Andrews that it will indeed be "awfully hard to get these things done."

THE majority report charging Governor Smith with abuse of the executive privilege of pardon has proved something of a boomerang to the signatories. The moment chosen was a timely one. Articles and editorials on the swollen crime statistics in state and city had prepared the public mind to believe that laxity at the fountain head was a contributing cause, and the popular Governor's reputation for being human and accessible lent it plausibility among the large class who have been taught to associate a frozen face and pompous manner with a keen sense of public duty. The conclusive and dignified answer which the Governor has written to his critics does two things. It reduces the charges themselves to their true proportion, and it leaves upon the men who used them for their own ends a taint of political dishonesty that will take some hard explanation to clear away.

BRIEFLY, the ninety-two pardons, cunningly presented in bulk to give the impression of a wholesale jail clearance, shrink to nine, all granted at the request "either of the judge who sentenced or the district-attorney who prosecuted," and in many cases on the pitiful plea that the prisoner might at least die at home. The balance are "pardons" issued to men who had purged their offense years ago, to clear the record

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demanded for naturalization papers—a practice used freely by former governors without exciting comment. That there is a certain class-conscious element in New York State to whom the personality and office of Governor Smith are distasteful is no secret. Next time they try to make their distaste effective to his political undermining, they would be well advised to choose some charge better buttressed by facts. Examination of the latest has only succeeded in convincing the plain man who votes that New York possesses a very human and very humane executive at Albany.

ONE might sum up the long extant platitude about the influence of the press upon modern life by saying that the newspaper is the only force which could really have changed Caesar into a colossus. Its converse power for making important matters fade away into misty and inconsequential twilight is no less notable. And so the first congress of Pan-American journalists may come to mean, for the majority of us, something like a rediscovery of the twin continents. We have been so prone to think of these vast worlds only in fractions, knowing and caring little about the tremendous developments of business and civilization being carried on, in ways profoundly different, within speaking distance of each other. The congress brought from the great cities of South America an impressive number of men who are inured to the work of contemporary metropolitan journalism; who know how to create interest and exploit news; and who are fully aware of how close the alliance is between common financial concerns and common engrossment in the general affairs of the day. In greeting these gentlemen, President Coolidge displayed a panorama of Latin-American development which, surfacy and kaleidoscopic though it necessarily was, must have surprised a good many of his fellow-citizens. And if our press now expands the panorama to the extent justified by the truth that neighbors ought to know neighbors, it (as the President declared) "cannot fail to have far-reaching consequences, not only in the preservation of the most cordial good feeling existing among our respective nations, but also in the drawing together of our peoples into closer bonds." Perhaps it might even succeed in doing something more definite.

FOR instance, it might elaborate a little the definition of the word "American." If anything could modify the absurd claims of hereditary civic title put forth by those whose Anglo-Saxon descent began with the Civil War or slightly earlier, it would be the knowledge that considerably before the Pilgrim Fathers were whitewashing the town-hall, Latin-Americans were building upon the falling civilization of the Incas—building, among other things, universities and printing establishments, churches, and centres of culture. And today the life of South America, though not always fully extricated from the shackles of primitive frontier circumstances, is decidedly not the sleepy, uncreative, "priest-ridden barbarism" which more than a few tractarians who have ambled southward describe for the edification of the credulous. It is a full-grown life, quite on a par with our own, ready to exchange the values of business or the courtesies of culture. And one of the best proofs afforded is that given by South-American journalism, with its fingers on the world's news, controlling the mental impressions of peoples and provinces, independent and sturdy in the assertion of opinions. About it there is nothing so surprising to certain of our own fellow-citizens than the fact that many of the men who control this vast endeavor of the press remain loyally devoted to the spiritual tradition in which Latin civilization grew to manhood, and by the might of which it continues to carry on.

THE appeal for Catholic charities in the Archdiocese of New York may be considered typical of the constant request made by the Church for assistance in carrying on a vast and diversified program of social work. It relies first of all upon a presentation of what has been accomplished in the past for administration, for poor relief, for education, for boy and girl guidance, settlements, day nurseries, immigration and a variety of other noble endeavors. When one remembers that, for the most part, this gigantic undertaking has been developed during the past few years, and on the basis of contributions voluntarily given, it is difficult not to feel that the American people, in spite of their alleged wild craving for pleasure, are extraordinarily generous and self-sacrificing. Unfortunately, the human waste created by industrial society is a flood which can never be wholly dammed. It is a fulfilment on a grand scale of the prediction, "the poor ye shall always have with you." His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, appeals for aid this year to the sense of "loyalty to Christ." It is His continued presence, His infinite compassion and charity, which gives meaning to our existences; and so no form of imitation is suggested so earnestly by the circumstances of daily living as the dispersion of alms through hands which bless even while they rescue. The American people have during recent years done magnificent work among the poor of war-ridden Europe and the persecuted of such countries as Armenia. These successes of benevolence ought to spur all to give what they can to the support of an organized movement to ameliorate poverty, crime, and ignorance in our own land. And there is no doubt that New York, for its part, will respond enthusiastically to the appeal.

AN action just brought by a jilted swain in London for the return of an engagement ring has resulted in some interesting comment by the learned judge on the gradual change that has come over the seriousness of betrothal, due to the tendency to consider marriage

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more and more a secular affair. One learns with something of a surprise that it was not until 1753 that the Anglican Church surrendered its right to insist upon the fulfilment of an engagement formally entered into. In this, of course, it was only following the tradition of the Church it superseded. Those who have any knowledge of canon law on marriage (and there is no subject upon which knowledge, even among Catholics, is more sketchy) are aware that in mediaeval days, an undertaking to marry was regarded as only a little less serious than marriage itself, and that all sorts of trouble lay before fickle fiancés when the other party refused to fall into line. So great, in fact, was the odium attaching to the rupture of an engagement that it created that terrible thing, "a diriment impediment," to any future marriage so far as immediate relatives of the principals were concerned. In this, as in so much of its legislation, the Church was following upon the lines of Roman law, that monument of insistence upon individual responsibility. Perhaps there was a touch of caution in the old classic custom which provided that engagement rings should be made of iron. Actions for the recovery of iron rings would not be likely to take up much time in law courts, ancient or modern.

THE archepiscopal see at Malines will be a hard one to fill. Its tenure by the late Cardinal Mercier and the movement toward reunion of which it became a centre during the last year of his life had the effect of attracting world-wide attention towards the see which carries with its occupancy the primacy of Belgium. It is all the more satisfactory to know that Monsignor Ernest Joseph Van Roey, who has been named as archbishop by the Holy See, is likely to prove a worthy successor to "the world's Cardinal," and that, as he is a very young man for so exalted a position, having been born in 1874, his episcopate is likely to be a long one. It was from the University of Louvain, at which he filled the chair of professor of theology, that the new archbishop was personally selected by Cardinal Mercier as his vicar-general. For over twenty years he has been closely associated with all the phases of his superior's mission. The esteem of the Cardinal for his assistant has been expressed over and over again by Rome, which conferred upon him in turn the title of domestic prelate and prothonotary apostolic.

THERE has been so much discussion of the value of chamber music that the career of Fritz Kneisel, who died recently at the age of sixty, seems to have some of the character of an argument. But granting the artistic significance of interpretations rendered in the somewhat ethereal fashion of the string quartet, the work of Kneisel is the memorable performance of a master who had no peer in his own time. Roumanian by birth and trained in the noblest musical culture of Austria and Germany, he brought to the city of Boston a temperament allied to genius and a truly marvelous comprehension of musical history. His early years with the Boston Symphony Orchestra were lived in the spirit of enthusiasm which all those felt who saw that America was slowly, surely deepening its love for, and understanding of, great melodic art. Some day the chronicler of American culture will give to these glowingly hopeful music masters a chapter all their own—a chapter crowded with great names, great hearts, devoted servants of the public's artistic welfare. Kneisel's place there will be guaranteed by the exquisite control which he exercised over the quality of chamber music rendition, tolerating nothing that fell short of excellence, hospitable to modern rhythms as well as to classic expression, and preparing for each public concert by close study and experiment. His success was due to the unrelenting concentration with which he worked; and as a result, it can be said that he and his themes were one and the same person, and that in Fritz Kneisel's unforgettable concerts there was, fittingly expressed, Fritz Kneisel's delicate soul and heart.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the famous archaeologist in Asia Minor, once unearthed a number of gold ornaments at the very spot outside the gates of old Troy where King Priam was recorded in the Odyssey to have dropped his treasure during his flight from the burning city. The strange fashion in which discovery authenticates tradition, often of the vaguest and most shadowy sort, has again been exemplified by the clearing from secular layers of soil of the remains of an ancient synagogue at Tell Hum, on the sea of Galilee, which has been identified as the Capharnaum of the New Testament. The mound covering the ruins has been known for many years as Tel el Mustellim, or Mound of the Governor, and several indications now brought to light leave little doubt that the ruins beneath it must be those of the synagogue referred to in Saint Luke's gospel, when, in speaking of the centurion whose servant Christ healed, the evangelist adds: "He loveth our nation and he has built us a synagogue." Chief among these, are clear traces of a pair of Roman eagles, a most unusual decoration for a Jewish place of worship, which had, indeed, been chipped away, probably during one of the national uprisings in the second century. In connection with this most recent of many discoveries which show how little confidence in tradition has to fear from anything archaeology may bring to light, it is interesting to quote the recent words of M. Camille Jullian, a professor of the Sorbonne, whom there is no reason to believe an apologist or exegist: "I cannot see, or rather, I see only too clearly, the reason of the campaign against the historical truth of the life of Jesus during the last three years. One thing is certain. If He were anyone else besides the Founder of Chris-

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tianity, the facts of His life would be accepted with the utmost confidence. . . . To deny the historical accounts of Christ, it seems to me, is to break with all the accepted canons of critical history."

MONACO has been described as a principality with a climate that was sent by heaven and a casino that was built by hell. It has also, though the epigram fails to note it, a cathedral where some of the best liturgical music in the world may be heard. The news that residents, debarred by special legislation from entering the building which pays all their taxes, are wishing its gambling halls "blown into the sea," comes as a surprise. Dissatisfaction seems to date from the acquisition of the Casino and its revenues by a highly mysterious person, Sir Basil Zaharof, who came out of a dense and dingy past during the war, and whose English title (never satisfactorily accounted for) has been justified as best may be by the founding of "chairs" at Oxford, Paris, and what used to be called Petrograd. Since the new régime, it is asserted by the malcontents, "hundreds of millions of francs are diverted annually to Greece and England, while the principality itself languishes for needed civic improvements." Threatened institutions have a way of living a long time, but, with Mussolini's eye upon it as part of that vague territory, "Italia Irredenta," a cleaning up of Monaco and Monte Carlo cannot be far off. A police container dropped on them at any time would certainly net a greater proportion of adventurers and wasters than is to be found in any other eight square miles of Europe. There will always remain the climate —and the cathedral.

DIPLOMACY FOR PEACE

IN matters of diplomacy and current history, we in America are still very largely in the stage of the student of medicine who has reached the point of anatomical research upon cadavers; we seldom advance practical opinions on current history because we have but infinitesimal personal contact with the international factors which make current history, and intimate personal acquaintance with the leaders in other countries only very rarely. We are forced to wait upon dissection after the event; to learn by post-mortem examination.

That is well enough as to things long since dead (if anything in history be dead) but it is a system inadequate to a just study of today's problems of national life and death.

Our "experts" do not truly become expert either from a preliminary course of post-mortem examinations or through their brief association with the Versailles negotiations. They do not necessarily become expert through years of professional diplomatic service, for the professional service tends to isolate men from intimate contact with the bases of American life upon which our foreign policies must be built; the professional diplomat grows insensibly into an academic attitude of mind toward American fundamentals as easily as the rest of us judge theoretically of Europe and the rest of the world, when we possess any opinion at all worth considering. Perhaps, in great part, our continued "policy of isolation" is caused by a dawning consciousness of this situation, rather than a result of deliberate reasoning and conviction. We fear to lose, by contact with scheming foreigners, some of the undoubted blessings we enjoy. We perhaps do not feel ourselves quite capable of holding our own in matching wits, and as a natural consequence we sometimes bluster where there is no need.

One of the most perfect examples of this one-sided training is contained in Colonel House's Intimate Papers, in the clash of opinion between "le Colonel malgré lui" and Walter Hines Page. Another current example is the formulation of public opinion with regard to Mexico.

Colonel House was a tyro in foreign affairs; he took to their study as the culmination of a lifetime of political study; he had a definite idea as to what America might contribute to the world and found his opportunity in his close relationship to a scholar-president of the most powerful of the neutral nations, becoming daily more powerful by force of natural circumstances as European destruction proceeded. He saw only the American side, although his unique position gave him the closest possible contacts with public men all over the world. He was distinctly a novice; his contacts were made under unprecedented conditions; he had nothing of what is becoming so familiarly, though rather vaguely, classified among us as "background," except in the academic sense to which we have referred.

Page was also a novice. From an attitude of criticism of British ways and policies and customs he had arrived at two conclusions: that the differences between the two nations were unimportant, even negligible in face of a common danger; that England's position with regard to the war should also be America's—and that no matter what Grey and House and (in lesser degree) Arthur Balfour might wish to bring about in the particular matter in which House was interested, the people of Great Britain would never accept it. Where House failed in his concept was in his lack of practical knowledge; where Page failed to make his conviction felt at home was in his unlimited condemnation of the State Department, and of the purely American viewpoint it expressed. Both attitudes of mind are typical of the danger to which "experts" are exposed. Possibly the reason why Mr. Gerard came through more successfully than other ambassadors of that particular period lay not only in an equable temperament, but very much in the fact that he was opposed to the policies of the government to which he was accredited in most things, and could

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therefore seize with alacrity upon the isolated cases in which he could agree. The result of the clash of method among our experts led to failure of the main American plan, which was directed to peace, not war. That is why the House book must be considered one of the most important studies that has come out since the war, entirely aside from what we suppose to be its object.

With regard to Mexico, America has a case—a most tortuous and difficult case, complicated by innumerable factors not all apparent on the surface. It is not in all its aspects an American case pure and simple. It is a case requiring careful and dexterous handling, after the several underlying principles have been understood and formulated. It is a problem for solution by sober and dignified public opinion expressed helpfully; expressed forcefully in the sense of incontrovertibly; expressed helpfully and forcefully in the sense of peaceably, with peace, not war, as its aim and end.

One aspect of the Mexican problem touches Catholics very closely. It is an aspect upon which it is legitimate to express opinion and highly important that the opinion expressed should be, first of all, entirely sound and unassailable, and then presented in such a manner as to strengthen the hand of the government, not embarrass or weaken its action or cause dissension and hostility at home. What, after all, do Catholic Americans (in common with all Americans) want? A healthy, orderly neighbor nation. If Catholic Americans have any deep-rooted feeling in the matter, a feeling of more than transitory displeasure with certain present manifestations as they affect some of our own, then decidedly we should take our part in an orderly way to improve matters permanently, and therefore to improve them in their fundamentals, to help both the United States and Mexico.

THE LATIN SENSE OF ART

ITALY is, after all, larger than Mussolini. Or possibly we should say, rather, that the Duce is not the most typical representative of the resurrection of mind and energy which, in our time, has given the lie so emphatically to all those minor aliens who professed to believe Rome a monument and Florence a stony shade. Very likely the Latin mind was temporarily in the mood of a foolish virgin and slept. It lost its contact with those substances by which it perennially, really lives. Where, for instance, was deathless Italy in the debate which so continuously ended in favor of opportunism? And Dante would have been an exile, indeed, in the midst of those fleshly little atheists who for so long a time were the literati of Rome. Now all this is changed; and one of the chief reasons for the difference is certainly the work of Benedetto Croce, now sixty years old and the recipient of honors from all parts of the world.

The critical work of Croce would be outstanding if for no other reason than its unvarying resistance to barbarism. It is fatally easy to succumb to new things which come palpitating into the world's company, like lesser but effusive prima donnas flaunting all their charms. But immense difficulties hamper one who would do no violence to his conscience of standards—to the old company of abiding nobilities, of arts which stand, in shadow or glaring light, among the mountains. These difficulties Croce did not shirk. With stoical sublimity he has taken it for granted that form—the great pattern according to which the artist constructs his vision of reality—lives on, in spite of the artist's person and the psychology of "the age." And strange to relate, the world has listened. What was at first a small audience widened into an international throng. We have all learned from Croce that the introduction to great poetry and art is not through subterranean corridors of knowledge, of interpretative information, but through the spontaneous outcry of the aesthetic faculty, God-given even as the intelligence, with laws of its own which the schools had studied with reverent care.

Hermann Bahr has resumed the significance of Croce in words of which the following are a few: "For most of us the fortunes of great art were identical with those of religious faith—for art, the cultured Philistine assumed, was a private affair. Neither among the laymen nor the artists of our time did there exist a wholly stable, self-sufficient, sure and dependable 'taste,' which was not the slave of doubt and which could rise superior to changes of mood and accident. Indeed, the energy to own this 'taste' can only be drawn from a firm communal consciousness of beauty—a consciousness now lost to a very great extent because the forms of culture have been uprooted so largely. And though Croce is a relativist, he proves the same fact which is evident in all the higher spirits of our age: the fact that there lives on, below the surface, a secret and inherited residuum of truth which, though openly denied and shrouded in forgetfulness, is really the only source from which mankind still derives the strength to live. Our time feeds on its memory and all our being and doing is valuable only in so far as it embodies and stimulates remembrance—remembrance of what productive art is, remembrance through which we arrive at an understanding of ourselves through a perception of what our ancestors meant, remembrance which is not merely acceptance but a motive for using once again the primal human energy which is preserved in the past."

And because these words are true, those who are devoted to the civilization of Christendom join in the homage to Croce. Personally he has stood apart from the Church, failing—as so many other moderns of importance have failed—to receive the gift of faith. But in myriad ways his courtesy, even his loyalty, to the great tradition are of signal importance.

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AMERICA'S MEDIAEVAL ACADEMY

By JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

EVERYONE likes romance. Many people who look sensible live on it, and the most hard-boiled of us may privily indulge a weakness for it now and then.

> This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
> The worldes sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

We like to stop the night there now and then; it rests and refreshes us, and perhaps opens our eyes to realities or, at any rate, possibilities which we overlook on our matter-of-fact day's journey. For a century and a half the middle-ages have meant romance. As we know them through their own art and the modern art inspired by it, they seem picturesque and adventurous, and release us from the cold fetters of fact. Their architecture, by springing column and flying arch, leads our eye up into dim vaults. Their literature makes easy that willing suspension of disbelief which, as Coleridge says, constitutes poetic faith. It would seem that anything might happen in the middle-ages. With their tales, fictitious or real, of magic and marvel and miracle, we fancy their life as like being in the next room to a huge dynamo; a touch might release incalculable powers for bane or blessing.

When we come a little closer to mediaeval life as it actually was, we still find it picturesque and adventurous. We see ornamental people doing decorative things for motives which we only half understand. We find devotion to an ideal more frankly and intensely expressed than in the modern world. We do not like the middle-ages the less when they clash with our idea of common sense. Figures dancing to a music which we don't hear may look a bit fantastic, but it pleases our fancy and perhaps flatters our vanity to think the mediaevals childish, and to believe ourselves a great improvement over our forefathers. The world has wished to keep the middle-ages as a romantic playground; the more since it has reluctantly accepted the word of the learned that the Romans and Greeks in some ways were wiser than we.

So the world has persisted in not taking the middle-ages seriously, and has been content with a few catch-words of knowledge about them. For years all that most people knew about mediaeval philosophy is that it was divided over nominalism and realism (whatever those might be) and was said to have debated how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Just so the French used to be disposed of as a people fond of frogs' legs and dancing. People got their ideas from Bacon and John Addington Symonds. Writers whose interests began with the renaissance yielded to a common temptation; what they realized they ought to learn about and didn't want to, they dismissed as unimportant.

But some, less indolent, have wished to learn the truth about the ages which have charmed them so. Sentiment has led to study—"Itaque lex paedagogus noster fuit in Christo, ut ex fide justificemur." Many a man has turned botanist because of a childhood love of flowers, or lived to be railway president because he once liked to push tin locomotives about; a boyish liking for Ivanhoe and cathedrals has made many a man into an historian. The romantic interest in the middle-ages which became common a century and a half ago, has borne a goodly fruit of scholarship. And literary and historical scholars and the interested layman, on getting back into the middle-ages as they really were, have found other learned folk there before them. The underlying conceptions and forms of the law are mediaeval, and for the legal scholar the middle-ages have been not a romantic playground but a familiar part of the real world of sealing-wax and sign-manual. Much of the Church's usage and organization, in origin older than mediaeval, has come to us in mediaeval forms. The most classic-minded of eighteenth-century bishops sported his Augustan wig between his mediaeval mitre and cope.

But the middle-ages have been studied in a hole-and-corner sort of way. Mediaeval society, more unified in aim and spirit than modern, needs to be understood on all sides to be understood at all. And the task calls for coöperation. Large enterprises are needed, to be planned by a few and executed by many —dictionaries, bibliographies, editions, series of studies. But one man has been working his plot regardless of his neighbors. Whether students of literature or of history are the right hand of mediaeval study we are not prepared to say, but the evangelical injunction has been well observed not to let your right hand know what your left hand does. The mediaeval historian has often been better acquainted with the work of the modern historian than with that of the student of mediaeval literature. Mediaeval studies have long received the cold shoulder from one group of men who are peculiarly qualified to advance them. The central language of the middle-ages was Latin, in Latin are preserved most of its records, and in Latin flowed the central current of its intellectual life; yet most classical scholars (with some notable exceptions) have preferred to disregard everything later than Saint Augustine. They would rather have their half-acre in the Middlesex of the Roman Forum than an empire in the mediaeval Utopia, and chant: "Better twenty years of Athens than a cycle of Camelot."

A group of men has lately seen another vision, a

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vision for the future; a more prosaic and workaday one, which has been partly realized already; of a body which shall integrate all studies in the middle-ages, and steadily advance its lines into the no man's land of the unknown. The Mediaeval Academy of America was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in December, 1925; "sub invocatione Sancti Bernardi" (may I say?) since the organization was perfected on his festival. Its announced purposes are: "to conduct, encourage, promote, and support research, publication, and instruction in mediaeval records, literature, languages, arts, archaeology, history, philosophy, science, life, and all other aspects of mediaeval civilization by publications, by research and by such other means as may be desirable, and to hold property for such purpose." It aims to diffuse knowledge of the middle-ages, to serve as a clearing-house for information as to what is being done and needs to be done in the study of them, and to promote further investigation by all possible means. When it has sufficient endowment it will afford subventions for promising work. The officers of the Academy include not only professional scholars, but men of liberal culture in other pursuits, including one of the most distinguished of American architects and one of the most scholarly and prominent of publishers. They represent universities from Massachusetts to California, Harvard and Chicago especially, and such branches of mediaeval learning as philosophy, history, language, literature, and art. The president is Professor E. K. Rand of Harvard, a mediaeval as well as classical Latinist; the vice-presidents are Professor Manly of Chicago, Professor Haskins of Harvard, and Professor Willard of Colorado; the treasurer is John Nicholas Brown of Providence; and the clerk is Dr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston. The council, of twelve members, includes G. A. Plimpton, president of the firm of Ginn and Company; and Professor Coffman of Boston University, a fruitful student of mediaeval Latin; Professor Ryan, of the philosophy department of the Catholic University of America; Professor Paetow of California, a writer on mediaeval education and bibliography; and Professor Porter of Harvard, eminent in the study of mediaeval art. Further, Professor Maurice de Wulf of the University of Louvain and of Harvard, distinguished historian of mediaeval philosophy, has had from the first an informal relation to the Academy, as have also prominent scholars elsewhere in Europe.

The Academy has already established an organ, Speculum, a journal of mediaeval studies, the first issue of which appeared in January, 1926. The editor-in-chief is Professor Rand, and the managing editor is Dr. F. P. Magoun of Harvard University. It publishes not only the fruits of close scholarship, but also such fresh interpretations of larger matters and such fresh glimpses of mediaeval literature, art, thought, and life as concern the active-minded layman as well as the special student. The first issue contained, for example, articles on the spread of ideas in the middle-ages, on the poems ascribed to the Emperor Frederick II, and on public reading of new works in mediaeval universities, besides short reviews of significant new books in the mediaeval field.

Membership in the Academy is open to anybody anywhere who is interested in its purposes and is nominated by a member of the corporation. Information may be obtained from the office of The Mediaeval Academy of America, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. The moderate dues of an active member include a subscription to Speculum. There are other forms of membership, involving a contribution to endowment.

Is romance to be driven out of the middle-ages by these scholars with clipped mustaches and rubber-tired spectacles? Never mind. They are only playing puss-in-the-corner with her. They seize one of her refuges, but she will slip into others, which are opening all the time. There are the palaces of Mycenae and Crete, as silent now as after the departure of the latest recruit for Troy; there are the desert-buried cities of Turkestan, with palm-leaf copies of the Buddhist scriptures preserved for centuries under the dead sand. What about the jungle-grown temples and pyramids of Honduras and Cambodia, the savage solidity of Copan and the fantastic grace of Angkor-Vat? What about the mysterious colossal images on Easter Island? Perhaps no one knows enough yet about some of these even to spin romance, only enough to stand speechless a moment and then forget. Have no fear, we shall know all there is to know long before romance is banished from the middle-ages. Even in the middle-ages, every old matter explained reveals three new unknown ones; fresh gems of art turn up, and new picturesque happenings and practices and traditions. However far we push the realm of light into the vast dark, there will always be the penumbra, which is the realm of romance. We cannot sweep it away, however much plain truth we may discover. But even if we could—the mediaevals are our own ancestors according to the flesh, and the mind and spirit as well. We should like to draw near them and know them, like a child with a long-lost parent; unless he is an abandoned sentimentalist, he will sacrifice his ideal picture to know the actuality. Really, we don't want to go on thinking our ancestors were simpletons just because they are dead. But beyond even our family interest, it will illuminate us quite as much to see history as a whole as to see the outer universe as a whole. The blurring of the whole middle period of man's history by ignorance and prejudice and sentimentalism has given us a false picture of human nature and the trend of human events. Beyond even this is the preciousness of things which the middle-ages stand for and which we see slipping away day by day. The chief of these is a sense of values.

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SOCIAL CREDIT AND THE JUST PRICE

II. THE CONTENTS OF THE FINAL COST

By ROBERT RODGER

APPROACHING the just price on the accountancy side, the statement made by Major Douglas that "the sum of the wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of the world's production is diminishingly able to buy that production at the price which the producer, under the present system, is forced to charge," calls for examination. Taking the indispensable commodity of bread produced under modern methods as an example, it is true to say that the money disbursed in the production of the bread cannot purchase the supply of bread at the price at which the producer must sell it.

The reason for this is that the final price contains charges that may go back for a period of years. The baker's costs can be placed in two groupings: wages, salaries, and profits; and raw materials and overhead charges. These costs, when analyzed, are made up of costs incurred by the flour-merchant, miller, farmer, producer of agricultural machinery, etc. Now, while it is true to say that purchasing power in the form of wages, salaries, and profits has been disbursed all along the line of production which resulted in a supply of bread, and while it is true to say that the price of the bread is made up of wages, salaries, and profits, the point to be noted is that these wages, salaries, and profits are not available to buy the bread. The whole sum of them appears in the final price, but something like 90 percent of this sum has disappeared from the custody of the recipients. The makers of the agricultural machinery, the farmer and his men, the miller, etc., have been steadily spending their wages and salaries in the cost of living—food, clothes, shelter, etc. When the bread comes to market its price contains all the costs incurred, but the money available to put against this price is only that fraction of savings remaining in the hands of the people after meeting their living expenses.

In order to present this example with all its force it must be remembered that what applies to bread production applies to every other branch of production within the growth of modern society. It is certainly the case that the purchasing power of others besides those engaged in bread production will be making an effective demand on the bread supply; but if this example is common to all our industrial activities it is clear that the sum of wages, salaries, and dividends can buy only a fraction of the product.

By way of corroboration here is another example worked out in more detail: Take a tin of condensed milk and analyze its price. Say it sells at twenty-five cents. At the time of purchase a fraction of the price will go to the seller as profit, a fraction for the tin (made a month before) a fraction for the label (printed six months before) and the rest for the milk (condensed three months before). But the amounts paid for the tin, label, and milk contain older charges still—contributions to the cost of tin factories, printing presses, cow sheds, condensers, and so on—all of them incurred at various times back to, perhaps, a period of twenty years. This analysis holds good, in varying proportion, throughout the whole of industry. If, then, the supply of condensed milk ready for sale in a given week is to be bought by the people in the condensed milk industry, the money distributed that week (wages, salaries, and profits) must equal the total price charged, i. e., twenty-five cents per tin. The sum actually distributed, however, for that week would probably be only about a dime in each quarter charged for the milk, the remainder representing previous charges. Where, then, does the money come from to buy the milk?

Still confining the example to the milk industry, the fifteen cents might come out of wages received that same week from an engineering firm making metal-stamping machines for tin cans that will hold next year's condensed milk supply. The engineering firm must charge up these wages from which the fifteen cents come to the costs of the machines they produce. These costs are transferred to the makers of tin cans, passed on by them in the price for tin cans, accepted by the manufacturer of condensed milk, and finally included in the retail price of next year's condensed milk.

Now, in a certain week in next year a portion of that condensed milk will be on sale. The price will contain a portion of the fifteen cents (already spent this year). How will it be met? In the same way as before. The ability of the people to pay the price will depend on the wages they receive in respect of production which may not come to market for still another year. In other words, they are buying part of the production of a year ago by drawing on the purchasing power which will not come on the market for yet another year. A system of production and distribution run on these lines is necessarily dependent on financial credit for its existence. The wages, salaries, and dividends distributed during a given period do not, and cannot, buy the production of that period. Under present conditions that production can only be bought by a draft on the purchasing power distributed in respect of future production, and this draft is mainly derived from financial credit created by the banks.

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While this financial credit, issued through banks, is absolutely essential to our existence, its control and manipulation by a small group of financiers have serious and adverse result on the community. By their control of financial credit they control the industrial and commercial life of the community, and this in spite of the fact that they themselves are in no way responsible to any governing body elected by the people. They, in fact, control governments by their power over finance. It is obvious and undeniable that the credit issues which are so essential to industry have the immediate effect of raising prices by diluting, or inflating, the currency. And we have seen that through the agency of price the buyer of consumable goods has to pay for all plant and machinery expansion.

We have seen further that retail purchasing power is distributed only through the agency of work. As the purchasing power is largely made up of credit issues loaned by the banks, the policy dictated to the community is one of hard work and more of it in order that the loans, plus interest, may be repaid. Harder work implies an increasing output, and an increasing output demands an expanding market to absorb the goods produced. The irony of the situation at present is that markets cannot be found; yet peers and knights jostle bankers and labor leaders in the columns of the press and on the public platform in order to preach the gospel of economy and thrift, and the necessity for increased production. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. Our financial system demands an increased and cheapened production in order to meet the loans of the banks. At the same time the home market is automatically restricted by the effects of these loans on prices and wages. Hence the search for foreign markets. Other countries have the same problem to solve, and the whole drive of the system is to smash every possible competitor in order to obtain the necessary markets to absorb the surplus that cannot be consumed at home. This surplus is an artificial one; the needs of the people in the various countries are never fully satisfied; their abstinence from consuming is due to the fact that the purchasing power distributed is never sufficient to buy the goods produced.

The system demands a maximum volume of production in return for a minimum volume of purchasing power (wages, salaries, and dividends). It also demands a maximum return of purchasing power (through the medium of price) for a minimum supply of goods.

The policy being pursued would seem to be a policy of accelerated suicide. The only way out of the impasse is to establish the just price by the methods of credit control and price regulation, and that is really a matter of bookkeeping.

THE SLOPES OF TARA

By PADRAIC COLUM

A YOUNG crow perched on a branch outside, barked insistently into a human habitation. Perhaps the internal conditions aroused the young crow's indignation. There were damp places on the floor where the rain came through the thatch; in one corner there was a bed with a ragged, miscellaneous covering. The room was filled with smoke, and the occupant was eating his breakfast off the top of a chest. He was seated on a box.

After a while the articulation of the crow took his interest, and he turned on the bird an eye that was remarkably like its own—a small, blue, penetrating eye. He finished his breakfast, put a cap on, and for a while surveyed the world from his doorway.

Before him were the lifeless grazing-tracts of the County Meath. Formerly there had been a garden before the house that he was now the sole occupant of, and a cherry tree still growing showed that the place had once its grace and its cultivation. But the garden was gone back to the wild, and the house was an unsightly ruin. The man at the door was short of figure, and ragged of garb. His gaze was restless, and his quick, ever-moving glances reminded one of the looks of nature's smaller creatures, the rabbits and the squirrels. The man's mind also had gone back from discipline. He looked rather ruffianly, but there was humor in his face, quick judgment, and some practical wisdom. His cheek-bones were high, and his forehead projected, making a type that as some people think, shows a strong imagination, joined to an active and sanguine temperament.

The tumble-down house was solitary. Once the district was inhabited, but the place had been cleared of men and women, and had been given over to cattle. The man at the door was a survival from a vanished population. He was known by the name of Shaun, and he had employment on one of the grazing-tracts. Now, closing his door, he went off on his day's vocation.

Near his path a shoot of briar raised itself in the air. It was fresh, slender, and green. Shaun regarded it, and spoke out of his constant meditation. "The young girl is like the shoot of briar," he said, "for a while she's free and lightsome, and in another while she's without freshness and near enough to the ground." He picked up his stick and rambled away.

He worked to strengthen a fence, and then he brought a crowd of young cattle into a far pasture.

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Steadily they went through the grass while the pageant of sun, cloud, and shadow crossed the fields. He lay on the ground and gave his mind to a familiar romance.

Far away there was a rocky rise with some structure upon it. The legend of the place was part of Shaun's dream. The walls there were raised for the pleasure of a woman. A man had sworn that his bride would have a turret out of which she could watch the ships on the seas of Ireland. The ravens built in the tower now, he knew, but he did not moralize on this.

His delight was in the splendor and success of that man who had brought the woman there. No woman who kissed his mouth could ever take the kiss of another man—no other kiss but Farnie's kiss could she take. And Farnie was born to no estate although he had the spirit and the manner of a noble. He could win any woman, for he had "a diplume for coortin'." First there came to him a woman who had two score town-lands. Then Farnie had blood-horses under him, and hounds to follow, and his own lands to ride across. The wife who had brought him these riches died, but Farnie was not left long to himself. A woman took his fancy and she had Cromwell's spoils for her dowry. Her brother would keep Farnie away, but one night be brought his horse under her window, and she came down to him, and they rode away together. He got five score town-lands with that woman. Now Farnie had seven score town-lands, and all that he willed he could do, and all that he longed for he could possess. And then the second woman died and Farnie's fancy was taken by another. She was young, a girl just, and she had no riches, but she had a beauty like the beauty that went out of Ireland when the foreigners came in. And it was to pleasure her that Farnie built the turret that Shaun looked toward now. He mixed the mortar with bullock's blood and new milk, so that the walls might stand for a thousand years. But the woman never climbed the stair within, and the couple never slept inside the walls.

And now the cattle graze upon the slopes of Tara. Furze bushes grow upon the mounds that marked the banqueting hall of the kings, putting above the green their heaps of golden blossoms. There once the chiefs of the Fianna and the nobles of the royal house feasted to the espousals of Grania, the king's daughter, and Fionn, the great captain. Grania drugged the ale, and while the elders slept she offered herself for wife to each of the young men who were most spoken of—to Oscar, to Caoilte, and at last, to the most expert and the most beautiful of them all—to Dermott O'Duibhne. Then away the pair went together, and for long the wild and waste places of Ireland hid them from the wrath of Fionn. . . .

Over the fields grew the sadness of vanishing light. Shaun stole away from the farmhouse where he had been given a meal. He took the road to the town, for he liked to draw away from the silence and the shadow, and his soul was lonely for some colored and wonderful experience. Near the town he encountered part of a returning hunt. He saw a few silent people on horseback, and then he was surrounded by a silent-footed pack. He shrank from the dogs, and the silent, stealthy forms slipping through the evening seemed like a terror that had missed him.

Outside the town there were men in groups, and Shaun went up and stood amongst them. Before, when he was in this town, he had caught sight of a beauty, and he thought that the men here might have some tidings of her. They were unenlightened. They played cards and they made jokes about one another, and they talked to him mockingly. He had been talking to this one and that one, and to the whole company of them. But it suddenly came over him that he must preserve the secret that he had—the secret of the beauty that he had seen. He watched the game they played and was silent, and when the game was finished he went from the men and into the chapel.

There were few people in the chapel, and the candles on the altar were not yet lighted. Shaun remained near the door, and kept his eyes on the organ loft. The Sunday before he had heard a voice singing up there, and he had seen a face and figure between the lighted candles. There was a young girl there; her hair was brighter and softer than the candles' flame.

The rosary began and went on to the litany, but there was no music from the organ. The candles that had been lighted on the altar were quenched now, and the people began to leave, their devotions over. The tolling of the bell outside made Shaun restless. He went out and into the street. Then he shifted through the town, shy and curious. He watched a soldier go into a house where there was a dance, and then he waited to speak with a ballad-singer, who had The Lament for Hugh Reynolds:

By the loving of a maid,
One Catherine McCabe,
My life it is betrayed; she's a dear maid to me.
And now my glass is run,
And my hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty
I thought it was no harm
To embrace her in my arms,
And to take her from her parents; she's a dear maid to me.

He was being drawn to a place of friendliness, but for a long time the wild shyness of his nature kept him abroad. At last he found himself before the place that he was drawn to—a trim house at the outskirts of the town. Within, someone was playing on the violin. Shaun waited, and when the music stopped he knocked at the door. The door was opened readily, as though a visitor had been expected, and Nora Kavanagh, the friendly personage to whom Shaun was

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drawn, stood there. Nora said: "Shaun, come in." She was not one of Shaun's admirations, but her friendly spirit made him devoted to her. He said: "Miss Nora, I'm ashamed to go into your nice house." He said this although he wanted to meet with some friendliness that night. "You must come in Shaun, I'm expecting someone else, but there's no one with me yet." She brought him within and made him sit down. Nora was neat and precise, rather like one of the friendly, witty nuns one often meets in Irish convents; she was friendly to the odd characters that were about the place; their sayings and doings made a comedy that was always diverting to her.

"I found a plant with a grand flower to it," said Shaun, "and I'd have brought it to you only I thought you'd like to see it growing." His gaze roved about the room. He saw the violin that Nora had left down, and he brought his eyes to her face. "I'll bring it to you, root and all," he said, "and maybe you'll play for me." She took up the violin and began to play.

The music brought back to him the loneliness of the empty fields. There was a green rath with trees growing upon it. Somebody was playing for a dance. But nobody could dance to that tune. It would be such a dance as he had never seen—the music was calling people out of the rath. He saw one who came out. Her face was pale like a star in a lake, and her beautiful hair swept about her. Others were coming out of the darkness, mounted on fine horses.

The tune ended suddenly; a quick knock had come to the door, and Nora went to open it. When she came in again she had another with her. It was the girl of his vision, and Shaun recovered his sense of actuality only when she turned away from him. Maybe Farnie's last love was like her, a slender girl with all her life in her face, and different from the full-blown beauties that Farnie had gathered in his day.

She leaned forward in the chair Nora had given her, and she regarded the dreamer with friendly interest. He became shy and uneasy, because he saw himself as an unkempt creature. He rose up and sidled to the door. He refused to eat; Nora, knowing that she might not press him, let him go. "I saw you before, miss," he said to the girl as he was going out, "I saw you before, but you were far away." Then he went, and when she came back to the room with Nora, the girl felt somehow lonely after the strange little creature who had gone out.

As for Shaun, he went along the darkened road in a state of mind that was half satisfaction, half bewilderment. Woman had ceased to be an abstract creature, the ornament of the story, the spoil of the strong hand. Between himself and the beautiful growing girl he felt the hundred ties of race. He was the servitor who drove the swine into the woods, and she was the daughter of a prince, but still they were related. Her beauty was part of his dream and his glory.

The music that Nora had played seemed to come to him again as he crossed the fields. He heard a voice that called "Shaun, Shaun!" He knew that he was under an enchantment, for the fields that he knew so well now had no mark, no boundary. A sudden wind rustled in the grass. Shaun crouched down, and a company of riders drew toward him. The heads of the riders were bare, but across their brows there was a thin band of gold. The one who rode in front had on him the green mantle of a king. A rider turned his face to Shaun and cried out in a clear voice: "He has seen her, the man in the grass has seen her." But the clear voice that Shaun heard did not arouse the one who wore the green mantle. With bowed head the king rode on.

Then Shaun took up a handful of grass and threw it across his shoulder. He saw the landmarks, and the way through the night to his cabin. He made his way across the silent fields.

Autobiographical Notes

Rules for Flowers

A very little flower said:
"I'd like so much to sing
A tune that popped into my head.
Oh, may I, Spring?"

But Spring said sternly: "Not at all.
You're far too new and far too small.
Sing just the tunes you're taught to sing.
That's much the more respectful thing.

The folks who made the old tunes knew
A very great deal more than you.
Don't let tunes pop into your head!"
"Oh, no'm, I won't," the small flower said.

Me

Would you rather be a garden
All in straight rows,
Or weeds outside? You'd rather be
A garden, I suppose.

Not me!
I'd rather be
The weeds that walk about
Without;
Their loveliness a braggart shout.

A Pruned Tree

They cut me and they prune me,
They make me what they crave
I was a little garden tree
But now I'm but a grave

Where dwells a ghostly garden tree.
And all its dreams have moulded, too.
They thought a tree just ought to be
The sort of tree they told it to!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

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THE DAUGHTER OF KINGSLEY

By JAMES LOUIS SMALL

THERE is a suggestion of irony in the fact that the daughter of Kingsley, he whose "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" called forth the sublime Apologia, should have made just past her fiftieth milestone the change, so momentous to all converts, that was henceforth to number her with the coreligionists of the great Cardinal. Daughter of one clergyman, Charles Kingsley, and widow of another, William Harrison, she is in a way, if anyone ever was, to reproduce for us that section of English life that depends for its meagre inner sustenance upon the parsonage. She has written of that life in a manner that is not always gentle and with an occasional flash of satire that would do credit to Trollope at his best—or worst, depending upon whether the reader does or does not possess a sympathetic attitude toward the Establishment!

Twice I have read Sir Richard Calmady, and more than twice I have returned to it, as one turns to an old friend in whose seasoned wisdom one is sure of solace. Thus one finds it the more difficult of discussion, as one finds it difficult to dissect before the eyes of others the virtues and the failings of the person one loves. Is it the perfection of its English that sets the book apart; the finely polished, yet vibrant phrases that, chapter by chapter, hold our interest unabated through nearly 700 pages? Scarcely so, for many another novel has the like, although not many writers, it must be owned, are the superiors of "Lucas Malet" in her ability to mortise description and dialogue into so perfect a pattern.

Few in the entire range of our literature have pictured so clearly and with such fidelity the mise en scène of the English manor house. As we pace the terrace of Brockhurst with its youthful mistress we can see its outlines as they "showed dark against the fading rose of the western sky"; we can smell on the breeze the odor of heliotrope and mignonette and hear the call of the waterfowl and the "churr" of the night hawk. When we gather with the family in the vaulted chapel, where lamps glow and flowers scatter fragrance on the air, we can look down the line of stalls and see the serious faces etched against the half-darkness: Katherine Calmady and Honoria St. Quentin, along with housekeeper and scullery maid and stable boy. It has all been put down for us with a simple majesty that charms us by the restrained eloquence it possesses.

Is it, then, its finely dramatic quality that draws us to Sir Richard Calmady—the pages of the musty chapbook, with their coarse but powerful delineation of an earlier Calmady's amour and its tragic sequel—or Julius March, the ascetical, pale-faced Tractarian, self-discovered at length and carrying to the last the secret of a great love locked in a loyal heart?

No, it is none of these by itself, nor yet all of them together, that conveys to the reader a swift and ineffaceable impression of bigness, the conviction that "the whole history is painted on a broad canvas." It is that mysterious something that welds together characters and phraseology and dramatic content, making of the whole a literary masterpiece; nay more than that, a passionate yet measured epic of life.

And just here we encounter an objection. "How," it may be asked, "can you possibly praise or recommend a book in which there occur so many passages that are revoltingly realistic?

The point at issue is, whether the realism of Sir Richard Calmady is subordinated to a higher motif or is simply, as Mrs. Wharton would say, "dirt for dirt's sake." If the latter, it has, manifestly, no legitimate excuse for the writing or reading. If the former, we must look more closely into its raison d'être. In doing so it may be helpful to institute a comparison between it and what is generally conceded to be the greatest, or one of the greatest, works of another modern, Mr. Thomas Hardy. No one would dream of finding fault with the literary competence that distinguishes Tess of the D'Ubervilles. Its storm-racked pages project one through to the very end with a fatalism that is devastating, almost cyclonic, impervious to pleading or to pity, and the curtain falls on a tragedy that leaves us none the wiser for its enactment. Not so with Sir Richard Calmady. The difference lies in the fact that one contains the germ of hope that faith, if but partial faith, supplies, while the other deals with lives that have it not.

It is impossible for me to read this first in my row of three novels by Mrs. Harrison without feeling that it reflects some of the fine adventures of soul of the woman who wrote it, for the date of its publication, 1901, precedes by two years that of its author's reception into the Catholic Church. For forty-five years, from her birth at Eversley rectory in 1852 to her husband's death in 1897, Lucas Malet must surely have come to an extensive knowledge of life as it is lived in the "vine-clad vicarages" of the Establishment.

In Julius March's stately and melancholy progress one senses the symbolic. Of all portraitures he is one of the most perfect of his class. Even the time of his appearance is not without significance, for the year 1842 saw the beginning of disillusionment for the Tractarians. Newman had retired to Littlemore, and but three short years were to elapse ere he and a number of his disciples should follow the "kindly

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light" that led them to eternal truth. Many a convert will recognize in that inner combat a counterpart of his own, waged in the troublous days that presaged the cataclysm from which sprang faith. To such Sir Richard Calmady will appear as a story in poise; waiting, not hopelessly, but in the expectation that the dawning of another day will bring with it far richer gifts.

Judged by ordinary standards it is hard to account for the popular acceptance of The Far Horizon, published in 1907, four years after Mrs. Harrison had become a Catholic. Religion, it is commonly taken for granted by our American reading public, is entitled to a rôle of no greater literary import than in the drama is assigned to the parlor maid who dusts the furniture or the butler who gravely announces that "dinner is served, your Ladyship." It must be at best but accessory and as far as possible inarticulate. But in this altogether charming novel it is neither. The Church, her claims, her life, her Sacraments provide the entire background against which the hero's life is set.

If a priori opinion were demanded it would very likely be said, quite unhesitatingly, that The Far Horizon could and would be put out by none but a publisher of distinctively Catholic books. In point of fact, it, like Sir Richard Calmady, came from the presses of a general publishing house, to be later reprinted, as was its predecessor, in an edition of lower price.

Nothing short of genius could have placed in juxtaposition the characters of Poppy St. John and Dominic Iglesias and guided them to the close without the sacrifice of an iota of the reality with which they are clothed. In the hands of a bungler they would have been puppets and puppets only, responding to the string pulled at the proper time, creatures of forced speech and stilted movement. But Mrs. Harrison's skilful touch has invested one with a piquancy and the other with an austere graciousness that never falters for a moment in the portrayal. The ending of the journey, as it came to Dominic in the old house on Holland Street, may disappoint the expectations of those who maintain that "everything always comes out all right in the long run"; but to the Catholic, trained in the way of penance and enamored of the crown that awaits those who have voluntarily relinquished, it is divinely appropriate.

Seldom since the Barset stories has the stodgy English middle-class been so pitilessly exposed to view as by the creator of Serena Lovegrove, Eliza Hart, and Dr. Nevington, the pompous bishop designate. It is done in a few lines, but they are lines that thrust rapier-like into the vitals of Victorian respectability; as when the corpulent Mrs. Lovegrove remarks that "actresses are all very well in the theatre, I daresay, but they are out of place in private houses"; or when Serena the spinster says of her sister Susan: "She always has a large appetite, and so have all her friends. Low Church people always have, I think."

And there is apologetic in The Far Horizon, of a high order, but not of a sort that is tiresomely didactic. It is cleverly subserved, moreover, to exigencies of plot and characterization. We rejoice not so much because we have learned, as because those excellent non-Catholics in the book have learned something of the Faith in all its matchless splendor. We are sure that Poppy St. John, kneeling beside the little nun in the light of the tapers that shine down upon Dominic's pale face, has glimpsed the far horizon to which his tired eyes looked with longing.

So many literary crimes have been committed in the name of the "psychological" that one hesitates to make use of the term. Yet in the discussion of Adrian Savage there is none other that answers so well.

This third in my row of these novels has the date 1911, with the imprint of Harpers opposite the frontispiece, and the blue and gold of its covers is, in its way, eloquent. For the air of it is for the most part that of "la belle France." The reader is taken to England, to be sure, for brief but funereal periods, and always he is glad to return with Adrian, the gentle and optimistic, to the land of lightness and beauty; to exchange the heavy draperies and still heavier platitudes of the Smyrthwaite ménage for the salon of the gracious Gabrielle St. Leger and the bizarre eccentricities of Anastasia Beauchamp.

A movement that is to the fore at the time of writing is always difficult of treatment, even though that treatment prefers to take the form of fiction. In essaying feminism as the centre around which her story should revolve, Mrs. Harrison took a bold step. Here, again, she has made manifest the fineness of her art by eschewing the part of schoolmistress, leaving the reader to ponder and, if he will, to opine. She is not of the heady stripe who conceive an ex cathedra pronouncement to be necessary to every question that may be brought up. Her knowledge of life has taught her, per contra, that one of its mercies is that we go to the grave with a considerable number of its riddles unsolved.

Indeed, there is just a little weakness in Mrs. Harrison's reserve on this point, and as a consequence when one harks back to Adrian Savage it is to the characters that one looks and not to the plot. It is more than possible that this is so by reason of the fact that with Madame St. Leger feminism is never more than a movement. That is to say, it does not, with her, become a cause, and causes, if they imply dogmatism imply action also. In Sir Richard Calmady's deformity his incomparable mother finds as noble an opportunity for championship as man or woman could well ask; and it is the invincible light of Catholic truth that beckons the knight-errant, Dominic Iglesias, on to the far horizon. But Gabrielle St. Leger's femininity

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stops short at feminism and she is precipitated, not into its cold arms but into the ardent embrace of Adrian Savage.

Hence it is that as the book passes in review before us, we find ourselves bending forward to catch every motion of the men and women who look down upon us from the stage: Gabrielle, who, "like all strong and self-realized natures, . . . demanded solitude at times—a place not only for rest, but for those intimate unwitnessed battles which necessarily beset the strong"; the ghastly Joanna Smyrthwaite, introspective, morose, who might have stepped out of an Ibsen horror; Margaret, her frankly materialistic sister, who announces her intention of throwing over Unitarianism for the Establishment because of the social prestige afforded by the latter and because Unitarians are "always living up to their own cleverness in not believing; and it does make them awfully hind-leggy and boring."

To Catholics these three novels by Lucas Malet should be especially significant, as mirroring in their depths—now as touched with shadow as a forest pool, now as glancing with ripples as a wave that is breaking on a sandy beach—the philosophy of a soul that has first known spiritual conflict; then joy; and, last of all, joy tempered with tranquil peace.

THE LITURGY IN CALIFORNIA

A FEW years ago, Mr. Redfern Mason, the music critic of the San Francisco Examiner, described, in a private conversation, an interview with Archbishop Hanna, in which that Prelate spoke of his hopes for the development of liturgical music in his diocese and described his tentative plans to realize them.

Very much to Mr. Mason's regret, it was a condition of the interview that no publicity was to be given at that time to what was being discussed. Like many another journalist, Mr. Mason found himself in confidential possession of something highly important which he could not write about. The wisdom of the Archbishop's reticence as to publicity is now clearly apparent. Time passed without premature disclosure of what was really going on. Now, however, the time has come to add the archdiocese of San Francisco to the growing list of Catholic centres where one of the most valuable Church reforms of modern times, that of liturgical music, is being energetically and wisely accomplished.

Reverend Edgar Boyle was sent abroad by His Grace several years ago. He put in two years of study at the Pontificial School of Music in Rome, under the late Reverend Angelo de Santi, S.J., and later under Abbot Ferretti, O.S.B. Thoroughly mastering the Gregorian Chant under Dom Ferretti, together with the history of music and aesthetics, Father Boyle also studied polyphonic music and choral direction under Monsignor Casimiri of Saint John Lateran; harmony under Monsignor Refice of Saint Mary Major; the organ with Signor Renzi, the organist of Saint Peter's; and vocal teaching methods with Signor di Pietro, one of the masters at the conservatory of Saint Cecilia.

From Rome Father Boyle went to Solesmes in France, where he studied under Dom Mocquerau and Dom Desrocquettes, following the Benedictine rule while he was at the Abbey, and thus saturating himself with the spirit as well as the practice of the liturgy.

Proceeding to Paris from Solesmes, Father Boyle studied with Joseph Bonnet, one of the master organists of today, and in London he paid particular attention to the science of cultivating boys' voices under Sir Richard Terry of Westminster Cathedral, perhaps the greatest authority in the world on that subject.

Returning to San Francisco, Father Boyle started his work. Today he has under his care more than four hundred pupils receiving weekly instructions. The Sisters of Notre Dame at Belmont are now carrying out all their offices in the pure liturgical music of the Church. A summer course has been conducted there and one also in the Dominican College of San Rafael, where the liturgical music holds sway. The Sisters of the Presentation have also taken up the great work, together with the Sisters of the Holy Name, and the Holy Family Sisters, and it is expected that the Ursuline Sisters at Santa Rosa will commence their study of the chant within the very near future.

As the official organ of the diocese of San Francisco, The Monitor justly says: "The Sisters are teaching the children, and it is the children who will do much to revive the chant in the diocese." This primary principle is the one upon which Mrs. Justine Ward has based her magnificent work, which is now displaying its results throughout the country. As The Monitor also remarks: "It is the law of the Church that we should sing the Gregorian Chant. It is the expressed desire of His Grace. It should be the greatest pleasure for the pastors and assistants to hear our own music and not the sensuous music of the stage ringing out in our churches." Perhaps the greatest work done by Father Boyle has been the formation of the Schola Cantorum in the Sacred Heart Church in Oakland, where sixty-five boys have been thoroughly trained. The latest development is the formation of a Schola Cantorum among the clergy of the archdiocese.

That the liturgical music of the Church should rise again in California is most appropriate. Art in the Golden State was in the old Catholic days of the mission period intimately concerned with the actual and fundamental affairs of humanity. When Junípero Serra and his Franciscans appeared bearing the Cross, and dotted the cost of California with those missions the mellifluous names of which today, as Charles Warren Stoddard somewhere says, makes the very time-table of California railways read like a litany of the saints, they brought art and its civilizing influence with them, together with the Gospel of Christ. The cultural mission of the Church was carried out as always it has been done in new countries in addition to the supernatural task of saving souls for the Life Eternal.

So while a rough plank and a crust of bread were all that Father Junípero or his friars needed for bed or board, they built wonderful temples in the wilderness and made them as beautiful as they could devise, and from them, by the margin of the sea where the surf boomed upon the sand, or amid the sunny quietude of interior valleys, arose the sound of Indian voices singing the plain chant. Robert Louis Stevenson heard their descendants continuing the tradition in the old Mission Church at Carmel-by-the-Sea. And now it returns, as the lesser yet still glorious manifestations of the Faith always return when the Faith itself is resurgent and positive, as most fortunately it is today, and nowhere more than in this country which was given to the world by the pioneers of the Cross.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Will the hospitality of your always liberal review extend to the acceptance of an expression of views about Mexico which, although divergent from those of Mr. Charles Phillips on Mexico: The Law of the Land in your issue of March 10, and from those of your editorial articles in the same and later numbers, may yet not appear to be altogether out of harmony with the aims which you and Mr. Phillips cherish?

I do not differ as to the merits of the anti-clerical laws. I do not believe that clergy of foreign birth should be banished; that native clergy should be disfranchised; that their number should be arbitrarily limited; that church property should be confiscated; or that the churches should be forbidden to conduct schools. These are real grievances. There is a Church situation in Mexico. If I were a Mexican I would oppose such measures vigorously as I did oppose the Oregon school law, which, by a different method, sought to abolish church and private schools in that state. Friends of the Mexican revolution should not slur over, minimize, or defend such foolish laws as that in Tobasco which seeks to force priests to marry.

Nevertheless, the more one learns of Mexican history, the easier it is to understand such measures. They are reprisals. Extreme and unjustifiable as they are, they cannot be regarded as mere expressions of a vicious, malicious, anti-religious, materialistic barbarism. They are measures of warfare not against religion but against those who in the name of religion have stood athwart the legitimate aspirations of the Mexican nation. It is the tragic misfortune of the Church in Mexico that its authorized spokesmen, with notable exceptions, have been aligned with reaction, with dictatorships, with foreign or native exploitation, with property interests when in conflict with human interests. In religion, in education, in the protection of Indians, in the promotion of culture and art and civilization, the Church has in Mexico, as in other lands, a great and, in many respects, a glorious history. Such names as those of Las Casas and Gaute will forever illumine the history of the western hemisphere. But it remains true that in the fields of economics and politics the Church, or at least those who are identified with its administration, having no claim to divine guidance as in the fields of faith and morals, may grievously err, and in Mexico they seem to have taken the fullest advantage of this possibility.

You speak of the "ex-priest Hidalgo." But when did he become an ex-priest? After he had defied the laws which sought to protect Spaniards in monopolistic privileges; after he had raised the cry of revolution. When did it become a crime to "organize a mystical crusade"? Is not that what The Commonweal is doing and very successfully? Benito Juarez, the full-blooded Indian whom Lincoln befriended, and who was like Lincoln in many ways, deserved well not only of the Mexican nation but of the Church which had educated him; but the Church—I speak again not of the true Church, but of the misguided human beings who were most active in Church administration, preferred Maximilian as it had previously preferred Iturbide and Santa Anna, and as it later preferred Huerta and de la Huerta to the revolutionary leaders like Morelos, Juarez, Madero, Carranza, Obregon, and Calles. The Church is suffering persecution today, most unfortunately, but perhaps inevitably because of its fallible judgments in the fields of economics and politics.

Mexico will not be saved by anti-religious materialists, but to me the fact which you mention, that Calles and Tejada sent their daughters to Catholic schools suggests that they are not, and that probably their associates in the government are not, such violent and vicious enemies of religion as you describe them to be. The Mexican revolution is economic and social, and its apparently anti-religious character is temporary and transitional. There is a Church situation in Mexico but it will have to be resolved by the Church and the Mexican government. To call the men who are responsible for administering the affairs of government in Mexico hard names will not help the situation in the least.

Mexico will not be saved by Protestants. No doubt the Protestant missions can discover and educate some leaders and furnish an element of national strength as Huguenots have done in France. But Mexico is Catholic in every fibre of its national life. The old pagan religions have left their scars but long since the feathered serpent has yielded his venom. The old gods will not come back. The spiritual regeneration of Mexico awaits the success of the Church in adjusting its program to the revolution as an accomplished fact; to the constitution and law of the land; to the equal rights of Indians and mestizos and whites; to the idea that a nation is in the throes of rebirth; to the inspiring certainty that when the Church has done this it will find again in Mexico as in the sixteenth century one of the greatest opportunities ever presented to it in all the bright and the dark centuries of the Christian era.

The article which you published on March 17 from the gifted pen of M. Jules Bois on the position of the Church in France appears to me to exhibit precisely the spirit which should animate our discussion of the Mexican situation. You may say that such an article could not have been written in France in the days of the Combes ministry. Perhaps not, but what if it could have been!

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

[We print Mr. Devine's letter although it attacks the attitude toward Mexico which The Commonweal itself represents and which it sees no reason to modify. It is true that official representatives of the Church, primarily interested in the spiritual welfare of those they serve, sometimes err in their judgment of economic and social conditions. But we believe that the feeling which seems to guide Mr. Devine and many other good men—the feeling that the Catholic voice should always strike up a harmonious duet with liberalism—is profoundly erroneous. Liberalism is often mistaken. It often takes root, as did so much of nineteenth-century thought about social reform, in philosophical principles which sound tradition cannot acclaim. Finally, liberalism is basically selfish: it applauds whatever immediately agrees with it, and turns fiercely to attack whatever begs to differ or wishes to proceed with caution. And certainly the case of France is to the point. Does anybody who reads through the more intimate memoirs dealing with the era of Combes really believe that if official Catholicism had tumbled headlong into the liberal camp, the seeds of the old Revolution would have bloomed into lovely

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concord? It seems to us rather that the trustworthy models for Catholic action are to be found in the kind of organization which replied to the attack made by Bismarck—the same kind of organization which, by the way, is finally winning for contemporary French Catholics the respect of their antagonists—and then in the frank fashion which the Vatican now deals with national and international affairs. In so far as Mexico is concerned, we are, of course, desirous only of interesting our fellow citizens of the United States in a situation that remains fundamentally barbarous, so that our banded efforts may render a service to the neighboring republic which bayonets and gunpowder cannot render—the service of civilization. But we would remind Mr. Devine that the "ex-priest Hidalgo" was not the kind of man with whom we should prefer to deal, either in this country or in Mexico. He was not merely a social revolutionary, but also an utterly unbalanced fanatic, whose aberrations were far beyond the remedial powers of social theory or even psychoanalysis.—The Editors.]

THE MEDIAEVAL SYSTEM

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I read with a great deal of interest the letter of Mr. Frank H. Callan in the issue of March 31, criticizing the very excellent ideas presented by Mr. Somerville in his article, A Guild Plan for Industry.

The knowledge that any clear-thinking person (with a grasp of conditions as they actually exist today in modern industry, and with any conception of the value of liberty not from the political but from the economic viewpoint, and of the consequent effect of the loss of this liberty upon the human soul) who has studied to any extent the workings of mediaeval civilization as exemplified by its solution of the industrial problem in comparison with that which has followed in the wake of the Reformation, would be found extolling the merits of a system that is not only inhuman and unnatural, but actually tending toward complete servility, should be surprising were it not so prevalent among just that class of Americans who should be its most bitter opponents—Roman Catholics. For have they not seen the age-long battle their Church has waged to rescue the great majority of mankind from slavery—in name, as in the days of Rome, and in actuality as in the present capitalistic state?

Any idea which will bring back to the modern mind the value, the worth, the importance of the individual should be encouraged. Any idea which will tend to bring modern man back to first principles—back to the realization of the fact that industry was made for man, for his happiness and for the happiness of all mankind—should be encouraged. And that system, that age in human history wherein humanity as a whole really realized that fact and did carry it into actuality and successfully so, should be used and studied by those who would lead suffering humanity to economic peace and security.

To Mr. Callan's mind, capital is the all important item, although he does define competent management, but one must confess that his picture of the manager implies the man at the helm of the super-business organizations of today, cold, heartless, intent upon growth of his own organization and destruction, by means fair or legal, of all competitors, and perhaps coming in old age to believe that twelve hours a day is too long for his factory men to work because it wears them out a little too soon (or would one suggest that perhaps it is because of the restriction of the supply because of the Immigration Act that has caused this keen interest in the welfare of the worker?). But to hold up to the highest praise this competent management and then to cite to those of your readers who live in New England the example of American railroads as having been wrecked by government inefficiency is rather exasperating where we have been witness, before governmental action, to the destruction by these very competent managers of our Boston and Maine, New York, New Haven and Hartford, and Boston Elevated Railway systems because of wastefulness and incompetency.

But what is this dangerous and insidious gospel that Mr. Callan would have us stop preaching? He would have us cease our attempts to make it possible for the great majority of men to exercise their right of property and thus secure their economic freedom; he would have us cease in our struggle to wrest from the few the control, selfishly exercised, over the livelihood of the many.

And what are we in danger of losing? We are told that American workmen are well paid and well organized. Those skilled trades belonging to the American Federation of Labor and its allied associations, forming but a small percentage of the workers of this country, are organized but in most cases even they obtain their living wage only through long and expensive strikes occurring at frequent intervals. What of that vast force of workers in mills and factories here in my own New England accepting wage-cuts, lay-offs, and unemployment while the value of the stock in those same mills soars year in and year out accompanied every few years by juicy stock melons? Yes. The American workmen are so much better off than the workmen under the system of which Mr. Somerville writes for they can give their children the benefit of a college education provided the children work eight or ten hours a day on the side to pay their way, and the American workmen have automobiles, radios and victrolas, all the luxuries of that fallacious economic system that says that you must first produce and then create the demand. But they do not own. They use and pay for this use out of future earnings. They mortgage their future earning capacity in order to enjoy present luxuries and in many cases, necessaries.

Just another link in the chain that we moderns are forming to bear out the predictions of Belloc in his Servile State. Though we may lose these luxuries in preaching to the rank and file of Americans as Mr. Somerville has done, what we offer in their place is really a greater opportunity to obtain and enjoy those things which all down the ages men have considered most desirable, of which they have sung and for which they have fought and died—their liberty, their fireside and their family—all down the ages the theme of poets and aspiration of youth, but today, in this blessed age of enlightenment and progress held worthy only in so far as they do not interfere with the amassing of material goods on the part of the few, and slowly fading from the minds of the many because of economic necessity.

Notwithstanding Mr. Callan, the labor-capital problem is not being solved in this country nor in England, but it can and will be solved when the Catholic laity, armed with the knowledge that their Church in her previous age of supremacy gave to the world not only economic peace but a degree of human happiness never before nor since reached because her children lived and acted up to the belief that God made them to serve Him in this world, will courageously put into practice in their every-day life Catholic doctrine. Turn back, Catholic laymen, to mediaevalism.

EDWARD F. LYONS, JR.

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THE PROHIBITION ISSUE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Your article, The Prohibition Issue, in The Commonweal of February 17, is admirable for its frank style. Apart from the pro and con of the question involved, I would like to bring into relief for discussion some of the statements and inferences which were made in that article.

The author, in expressing himself on this important subject, has drawn into his words a dictum(?) of the Catholic Church that the question is not an open one for Catholics —that a choice in the matter cannot be made. Let me be specific. You quote unchallenged from the London Tablet this remarkable statement: "For compulsory prohibition in general is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic traditions."

England, as we all know, is grappling with a serious alcohol problem. Her old traditions are being shaken. The Tablet has taken a stand. Where politics enters to such a large extent, it might be well not to quote with implicit reliance any statement of The Tablet which would limit the freedom of the American Catholics to help solve American problems as would seem fit. For we are not one with England in interest and sympathy, nor are we alike in make-up. The Tablet editor says, "how universal is this new attack on the human will." Is he unaware of the history of the progress of prohibition in America?

How different is Cardinal Manning's definition of where the Church rests: "The Church rests not on the judgment of any individual, however holy or wise, but on the witness of a universal and perpetual body, to which teacher and taught are subject; and because all are in subjection to the Church, all are redeemed from bondage to individual teachers and the authority of men." I have read many expressions of the views of Catholic clergymen and laity on the question of alcoholic drink, and find that their opinions, like those of the public round about, are very divergent and at times quite opposite.

It would seem that every political question has many conceivable moral phases, and according as the different moral phases are stressed when value is placed upon them by the individual, we have sincere and yet sometimes opposite views. The Church has her God-appointed mission and is well fitted to carry on her work; but is she wont to settle the social and political problems and riddles in a ceaselessly changing world —did she settle the slave or free question, or tell Catholics whether a high tariff on sewing machines constituted an injustice against the thrift and industry of our American housewife?

It is, I think, regrettable that The Commonweal should seem to seek a settlement of this socio-political question on religious lines by adding in the same article to which I have referred, these words which might well have been left unsaid: "We may discount in advance those religious bodies which have erected prohibition into a main article of their faith."

There is no more excellent medium than The Commonweal to chronicle the sentiment of the Catholic in matters of interest. Its discerning readers are able to appreciate well-put reasons for different viewpoints. Why not place these viewpoints side by side and stamp each as the product of a sincere Catholic mind, allowing the conscience and intelligence of the Catholic reader to be his guide? The thought thus set up could go out to leaven in with that of the American people. There need be no fear of results.

In the meantime there is at stake a principle of more vital concern than wet or dry. I trust that the conscience and mettle of the American people will try out their laws as passed, repealing all law in an orderly way. Some of the statements appearing in our press are anarchistic in the extreme, preaching repeal by violation. One shudders to contemplate the far-reaching extent of the success of such a theory.

I trust it will be understood that it is the desire to see presented a comprehensive view of Catholic sentiment in this matter that has actuated this letter.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

PROHIBITION AN OPEN QUESTION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In view of the fact that the prohibition issue is ever growing in importance, is it not essential, in its discussion, that the truth should always be kept in view—that it is an open question for Catholics as well as for others? Had this not been so, the Pope would never have allowed the faithful in the United States to live under the prohibition law for the last six years without instructing them on so vital a matter.

HOPE WILBERFORCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE

Fort Augustus, Scotland.

TO the Editor:—I cannot keep silent lest I be interpreted as being a participant in a discussion which has taken on a factional if not a personal tone, striving to establish an opinion rather than to consider the question on its merits with full respect for opposite views.

My citation of Beuron work was made to point out the futility of effort at style creation, and the value of the spiritual factor in gradual stylistic development. Its only success as a style is due to its original respect for Christian tradition, which is to be found only in its simplest and best examples.

Flagrant departure from tradition in sporadic outbursts of personal style is the chief ill from which modern ecclesiastical work has suffered and by which it is still endangered.

I am not prepared to go into the question of the success or failure of Beuronese work, other than to say that its greatest contribution has been to bring the arts and crafts of the Church back into the heart of the spiritual life itself, and to revive therein a deep and healthy interest that has spread rapidly.

Let me say in conclusion that though I am interested in all efforts to work out an honest solution to this most vital problem—the spiritualization of the ecclesiastical arts and crafts—I am not interested in the justification of any one opinion more than another.

I wrote with a full knowledge and appreciation of the progress made by Mr. Cram and contemporary leaders in ecclesiastical design and with no knowledge of Mr. Byrne, his work or professional tendencies.

I have tried to point out the need of a religious house in America, which might be a contributing factor toward such a spiritualization of ecclesiastical design on our side of the water. By replacing commercial practice with the religious life as a motive of inspiration to altruistic men in the professions and crafts, the first step would be taken to raise the dignity of Catholic expression in the arts and crafts.

A BENEDICTINE.

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POEMS

Songs To Be

Far in the darkness I can hear them coming,
And know not whether they'll be soon or late;
The bugle call, the faint drums drumming—
I cannot summon them, but only wait.

Yet closer than their splendor creeps their sorrow,
The sound of sobbing; but I cannot know
Their cause of heart-break: on some morrow
I'll learn what filled my heart to overflow.

I hark the elfin fluting of their laughter,
A thrush-note vague upon a distant tree:
It well may gladden me hereafter—
Already is its joy alive in me.

The throbbing in my veins, the sudden passion
Are but the answers to their secret cry.
Oh, hasten! In whatever fashion
Let me make beauty once before I die!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

At Tivoli

It was some villa, possibly Medici,
Grey as its ghosts and colder than a tomb—
We entered from the sunlight and the sky
And wandered drearily from room to room.
If it were only ghosts of happy laughter
Haunted the mouldy silence all were well,
But why should all that sometime beauty, after,
Ache with an emptiness no words can tell!

Only one little ray of light came breaking
Across the marble gloom, a joyous breath
To answer centuries of vague heart's aching
And turn to rose the dusty air of death:
Standing before some poor god's sculptured form,
By chance I touched your hand, and found it warm.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

Roaring Gap

High where rock turrets shoulder to the sky;
Where driven mist about the cliffs is curled;
Like towering gates, wide open to the world,
This passage opens. Shelving ply on ply
Of perilous granite ledges, sheer and high,
Lift upward. Here eternally are hurled
Lyre-strung wind torrents that, as they are whirled
Through gorge and crevice, loudly wail and sigh.

This moan, this sigh, this loud sonorous bass
Of God's is wild, resistless music heard
By me through life. Sometimes in some far place
My heart yearns hillward like a homing bird,
I hear winds surge and roar and feel the brace
Of mountain air, my eyes a little blurred.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

Attitude for a Duse

What is so simple as the wind
That blows when all your days are thinned
Of love? It does not search your eyes,
Nor from your hands make quick surmise
Of sorrow now: it only goes
Swift at your wrists and brow, and blows
About your body, mad to be
Upon you as upon a tree.

Wind does not care that you are still
As winnowed stubble on a hill;
It does not grieve that you are dumb
As water when clouds' shadows come,
And going leaves no thing so kind
As that it does not look behind
To see you callow, yet, as stone:
Wind leaves you as it finds you—flesh and bone.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

From an Album

A sonnet is no proper place for you.
Its staid pedantic feet move solemnly;
Your feet are light as leaves upon the tree
When a wind blows. How could a pair of blue
Swift laughing eyes be captured here? Or two
Red lips that dimple roguishly? They'd play
Such tricks with rhythm! No! You call for, say,
Rondel or triolet—either would do.

And yet your merry, wilful little voice
Demands a sonnet. You shall have it then,
But blame not if it lack the dignity
Which is its due, or lose somewhat in poise,
For with your face above a sensible pen
Even a sonnet must take wings and fly!

MAIRE NIC PILIP.

In Earthen Vessels

Though from a jar unseen the waiting bowl
Be crowned with gallant liquor to the brim,
A lurch may spill, a crack may drain the whole
Red joy and set the pavement flags a-swim.
And if the goblet be of Grecian birth
Embossed with shapes heroic or divine,
Prize it no less nor more than painted earth
Privileged a while to hold Olympian wine.

Beware, O Ganymede, the banquet law
That pardons neither stumble, jolt nor slip;
Guard well the goblet against every flaw
The while you bear it to the parching lip
Firmly, unlagging, not a step too fast—
Nor heed the less that it must break at last!

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

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BOOKS

The Revolution in Ireland, by W. Alison Phillips. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

IN his preface to this, the second edition of The Revolution in Ireland, Mr. W. Alison Phillips, an English historian and professor at the University of Dublin, informs his readers that "the greater part of the volume was published in the new volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica." In other words, the information it conveys has now become part of that deposit to which students in the future, in search of impartial information, will be invited to address themselves. On some of them at least, the suspicion that they are reading a work of violent and ill-disguised partisanship will not be long in dawning.

The method employed by Mr. Phillips is one so time-honored that most trained students are by now able to detect it fairly quickly. It consists, not so much in the suppression of inconvenient facts, as in a preference, when general conclusions are to be drawn, for others, more apt to the author's purpose. Charges against a faction or party in the state whom it is the purpose of the writer to depress, are given their naked force, when they are not enriched by hostile comment. Awkward facts, whose omission would lay the historian open to a charge of "suppressio veri" are not left subject to the same risks. They are, as it were, floated into the text by an elaborate apparatus of explanation and extenuation. It is the difference which newspaper men thoroughly convey to one another when they speak of "edited" and "unedited" text. Happily for the honest reader, such a system cannot be followed without endless inconsistencies and contradictions making themselves apparent, and justice to the second edition of Mr. Alison Phillips's fable for the British garrison in Ireland, seems to demand no more than the identification of a handful.

In his introduction, which treats of conditions in Ireland before and after the union, Mr. Phillips admits that "the Roman Catholics had accepted the union on the understanding that it was to be at once followed by their political emancipation." "Unfortunately," he adds, "the enlightened policy of Pitt suffered shipwreck on the rock of George III's obstinate conscience, backed by the uncompromising Protestantism of some of his advisers." Now the obstinacy of the monarch, thus offered as extenuation for the flagrant breach of faith which procured the union, cannot, by any honest historian, be considered as condoning the minister's action. It takes its part as one manifestation of a much bigger question, namely the trust which an Irish-Catholic people were henceforth to repose in any promise made by British statesmen. The reception the king might be trusted to give any such suggestion must have been thoroughly known to the younger Pitt in advance. Royal bigotry had already been overcome by a resolute attitude on the part of the ministry at the critical period of the Quebec Act, which extended full religious toleration to the French-Canadian population. It is not the king's obstinacy nor even the minister's honesty which is in debate here. It is the much more far-reaching question as to whether Irish leaders were justified henceforth in reposing any confidence at all in any promise made by British statesmen, or whether, in ministerial dealings with Catholic Irishmen and with the rest of the world, two measures were not deliberately and of set policy, used.

This curious dualism, which shifts the outlook and presentation of facts, even when they parallel one another most closely, peers out almost amusingly in Mr. Phillips's very different treatment of the gun-running, north and south, which preceded, and quite conceivably precipitated, the great war. In the first case, the suavity, and even ill-concealed relish of the Protestant historian is evident. "The Ulster Unionist Council issued on April 17 a statement giving what they believed to be the actual facts." How different the tone of comment in the second case—"A telegram from Mr. John Devoy, editor of the Gaelic American and later a leading spirit in the Sinn Fein German plot against the Entente" . . . was "enlarged upon by the Sinn Fein press with the utmost exuberance of epithet."

In the North—the gun-running had been "admirably organized." In the South—harsh measures were necessary "if the law was not to be brought into utter contempt. . . . The Ulster volunteers had imported arms by strategem, under cover of night, and had been able to justify their action in some sort by the judicial decision which had declared the Arms Proclamation illegal. But this decision had been reversed by the Dublin Court of King's Bench on June 15, and the act of the Irish volunteers was therefore one of ostentatious defiance of the law." One hardly knows which to admire most—the special pleading of the historian or the admirable adaptability of the judiciary to the exigencies of garrison and castle rule. For, consider the circumstances a moment. A proclamation against arms generally is issued. It is lifted by a "judicial decision" just long enough to permit "35,000 rifles and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition" to find their way into the hands and pouches of sturdy Protestants. It descends again just in time to make the consignees of an infinitely smaller cargo at Howth rebels in "ostentatious defiance of the law." Mr. Phillips may well describe the circumstances as "peculiar." But even he does not seem to realize how peculiarly their record reads.

Once the implications of this extraordinary "history" have been seized, there is little to be gained by multiplying instances of the bigotry and venom that invest it from cover to cover. But a few that admit of brief mention are illuminating. "In cruelty, well or ill applied," says the author gracefully, "the British are no match for the native Irish." One wonders whether his reading has included Hibernia Pacata, or that deadly witness, upon the spot—De Quincy in 1798. In Ireland, the home of lost and desperate causes, he notes that "nothing succeeds like success." The "proffering" of unprofitable rents by tenants he considers one of the roots of Ireland's economic ills. Those who have the most elementary knowledge of relations between landlords and tenants will be in the best position to appreciate the full humor of the word Mr. Phillips has chosen. The main duties of that lamented force, the Royal Irish Constabulary, he remembers, (or has heard) consisted in "checking ordinary crime, in preventing the illegal distilling of poteen, in protecting boycotted persons, and in saving the tails of 'unpopular' farmers' cattle." Of evictions and the function of the constabulary in connection therewith we wait in vain for even a perfunctory mention.

In fact, like Mr. St. John Ervine in his life of Parnell, reviewed in The Commonweal a few weeks ago, the author of The Revolution in Ireland has addressed himself to his task in the worst possible frame of mind, that is, with a general distaste for the people about whom he is writing, and whose tenacity and final success he is forced to chronicle. The temper of the minority so long dominant in Ireland may well be bitter

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and shrewish when they contemplate the last and, one may hope, final effort to write "finis" to Ireland's tragic story. For they were not so much attacked as ignored. Today when the curses that have come home to roost are picking their bones, and the dragon's teeth they sowed so profusely are gnawing their substance, it is within their competence to protest and complain. But when they foist their sense of defeat and humiliation into sober history they make a gesture against which all honest students need to be put on their guard.

H. L. S.

Increase Mather, by Kenneth Ballard Murdock. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. $6.00.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of Increase Mather would not seem, at first thought, exactly suited to modern American tastes. These ancient, highly edifying New England divines may have left a stamp upon the national consciousness, but the present strenuous effort to erase it requires of a sympathetic biographer like Mr. Murdock no end of apology. If in the end one feels convinced of the charm and pertinence of 400 pages of scholarly writing, that is a tribute to the author no less than to the historical value—or interest—of his subject. The Reverend Increase Mather, one admits, would not be the most agreeable of neighbors, particularly in these days of relative inquisitions; but back in his own little historical corner he blends with the atmosphere perfectly and speaks volumes about a faded mentality.

The Reverend Richard Mather was a strong and intellectual person. Indeed, he went to Oxford and gathered much sustenance there—"But his heart being afore this touched with the fear of God, the great superstition and prophaneness which he was forced there to behold, was no small grief unto him." Suffice it to say that as years went on he joined the Massachusetts colony, giving it not merely an excellent example but also a creditable number of future citizens. Among these was Increase, so named "because of the never-to-be-forgotten increase, of every sort, wherewith God favored the country, about the time of his nativity." Emphasis seems to have been placed expressly upon the diversity of the gifts. New England, the biographer reminds us, did not strike the good Puritan as bearing any resemblance to an intellectual Sahara. For him "it was a plain well watered by sound literature and the teachings of enlightened men."

In order, if we may continue the metaphor, to take his part in the work of irrigation, Increase was duly weaned away from the things of this world and prepared for the ministry. At an early age he gave indication of an alert mind, rugged in its defense of what it considered principle but nevertheless less insanely closeted with itself than loose modern views of Puitanism might suppose. Naturally the Mathers were, as Mr. Murdock informs us, "prepared to find the Massachusetts of 1635 a community where the government and the religious system were both based on such directions as could be found in the Bible; where the ministers were often learned and often regarded as the final authorities on scriptural interpretation; and where, accordingly, they held great power in the state. Originally it was held that the religious and the civil governments were quite distinct; but inevitably, with Holy Writ as the guide for both, and the ministers as the sole interpreters of its pages, the line of division was blurred." But to the credit of Increase Mather as a divine it must be said that he displayed less tendency to forget all about the New Testament than was customary in an epoch which so completely upset the saving balance between the sacraments and sin. In short, considering the handicap of environment, he was really astonishingly human.

The public life of Mather, apart from his labors as a divine, may be examined from three points of view. He was, to begin with, a writer on a variety of themes—a preacher, an historian of Indian wars, even an interested commentator on comets. The very list of his publications, which tripped on one another's heels rapidly, testified to a native curiosity and industry of mind which are further proved by the contents of his extensive library. One should like to concede with Mr. Murdock the literary value of certain among Mather's works. They are clear, forceful, scriptural; but they are all—at least all the present reviewer has looked into—so impossibly unctuous, so monotonously non-fantastic. One is always conscious of the fatal effect they might have on an unsuspecting reader during some hot afternoon. And yet it is worth while following, with Mr. Murdock, some of these inquisitive speculations about natural phenomena, and perhaps a few of the sermons. From these latter the modern might discover, at least, the comparative delightfulness of contemporary Sundays.

Secondly, Increase Mather appears in American history as a diplomat. From 1688 to 1692, Massachusetts struggled to acquire a charter; and her most illustrious spokesman was Mather. The present biography makes no pretense of setting forth the interminable negotiations in their entirety, but lets us see enough of the hero to realize how consistently he picked his way among the conflicting English parties and across enigmatical audience chambers. Here Mr. Murdock seems also to grant his usual scholarly impartiality a brief holiday and to offer us a picture of the Stuarts which needs only a little added shading to make it ultra-sepia. But there was really diplomatic stuff in his stalwart divine, who came through the long ordeal with something like a very satisfactory charter, and who may not altogether inappropriately be termed "a forerunner of Franklin."

In the third place, Mather is of interest because of his relations with the memorable hysteria of witchcraft trials at Salem and elsewhere. It is easy to concede that the seventeenth century did not look upon spells and witches with the ironical scepticism of the present generation, but scrutinized them in sober earnestness. It is also probable that Mather, in whom the love of mercy was pronounced, made an effort to apply as much reasonableness as he could to the processes of punishment. But the plain fact is, witchcraft trials were, in so far as America is concerned, the exclusive property of New England and of the ministerial caste to which Mather belonged. Therefore, by reason of their severity and amazing disregard of charity, they will remain a clue to the mind of Massachusetts and a flame by which men will continue to view the person of Mather.

Of course, there are an indefinite number of other facts and points of view which come up for discussion in Mr. Murdock's book. He set out with a true biographer's passion for whatever was trustworthy information about his man. That this was satisfied, no one will be likely to doubt. It must be stated, however, that the staid, scholarly character of the work seems to preclude a wide popular interest in it. Perhaps this has not been considered either necessary or desirable. But at a time when all higher schools are witnessing an indubitable liveliness of interest in the American past, it is certain that

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many will respect the piety of Mr. Murdock, who says at the close of his book: "Mather's best epitaph can never be put into words. The memory he would have us keep of him and the secret of his claim upon men of all time appear only in the deeds of his fourscore years of life. To realize what he made of his career, and how he turned to account the human means with which he had to work, is perforce to find a friend of whom we can say: 'Whoso doeth these things shall never fail.' "

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Science and the Modern World, by A. N. Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THE professor of philosophy in Harvard, by whom these Lowell lectures were delivered, is that rara avis, a philosopher who is also a trained man of science. The combination might with great advantage be more usual than it is. Huxley once said that the laboratory was the entrance court to philosophy, yet there are few who enter the temple of pure reason by that adit. Fewer still are the men of science who trouble their minds by instilling into them any tincture of philosophy, whereby hangs a melancholy tale of faulty reasoning and inaccurate conclusions.

Professor Whitehead was a distinguished scientific worker and teacher in England before he crossed the Atlantic to teach philosophy in Harvard. His book is a profound philosophical study and cannot be neglected by any thoughtful student of that subject.

His enquiry starts from the suspicion which he entertains that the scientific mentality of the day, and of yesterday, too, is far too provincial in its outlook. How is this to be corrected for tomorrow? Only by an accurate philosophy, for philosophy is "the most effective of all the intellectual pursuits." Then what philosophy?

To discover this we are taken through a really fascinating survey of the changing position of scientific thought during the centuries commencing with the renaissance. We are shown the various climates in which it had to exist and their mutual relations to one another. Here the author is greatly aided by his extensive knowledge of general literature and especially of poetry; and the attitude of thoughtful non-scientists like Wordsworth and Tennyson, for example, is shown to illustrate what the mind of the day was gaining from contemporary science. The starting point of the survey, of course, is that of the break from the old paths of thought and here we are given a fruitful thought which will be new to many.

To judge by the common term "rationalist" and by the "rationalist societies" one would suppose that the Reformation was a glad and glorious moment, when reason, having burst the chains which had imprisoned it, asserted herself for the first time in centuries. So far from this being the case, the author proclaims what is the undoubted fact—that the period was one when facts revolted against the over subtle and unduly refined reasoning of the middle-ages. It was a revolt of fact against reason and very curious results follow this "return to the contemplation of brute fact . . . based on a recoil from the inflexible rationality of mediaeval thought." For the recoil was and has remained "an anti-rationalistic movement founded on a naïve faith," and wholly unshaken by the arguments of Hume, who showed how sandy were the foundations on which it was built up.

No doubt the recoil was in many ways justified. In the almost drunkenness of their reasoning, philosophers had been far too prone to refuse even to consider facts. "I have read Aristotle's writing from end to end many times," wrote his Provincial to Scheiner, the Jesuit discoverer of sun-spots, "and I can assure you that I have nowhere found anything similar to what you describe. Go, my son, tranquilize yourself. Be assured that what you take for spots on the sun are the faults of your glasses or your eyes." Such was a far too common attitude toward facts. But the substitution of that other attitude was more than remarkable:

"The earlier period was the age of faith, based upon reason. In the later period, they let sleeping dogs lie—it was the age of reason, based upon faith. To illustrate my meaning: Saint Anselm would have been distressed if he had failed to find a convincing argument for the existence of God, and on this argument he based his edifice of faith, whereas Hume based his Dissertation on the Natural History of Religion upon his faith in the order of nature. In comparing these epochs it is well to remember that reason can err, and that faith may be misplaced."

But, though the change was made, those who made it none the less kept a legacy from the earlier time for: "The habit of definite exact thought was implanted in the European mind by the long dominance of scholastic logic and scholastic divinity. The habit remained after the philosophy had been repudiated, the priceless habit of looking for an exact point and of sticking to it when found."

Here, let it be incidentally remarked, we may offer our gratitude to one of the few non-Catholic writers who really appreciate the greatness of Saint Thomas Aquinas and his philosophy, and to one of the still fewer elect who can look at the Galileo episode—which, of course, had to be mentioned—through spectacles of clear glass: "the worst that happened to men of science was that Galileo suffered an honorable detention and a mild rebuke before dying peacefully in his bed."

Of course, the attitude of science has varied profoundly during the period covered. It was cock-sure to the last degree in the spacious days of Huxley and Tyndall, whilst just before the war we were told by Sir Oliver Lodge that its chief characteristic was profound scepticism—of itself and of its own findings, bien entendu. It seemed as if it had at last taken to heart the cry of Cromwell quoted in these pages: "My brethren, by the bowels of Christ I beseech you, bethink you that you may be mistaken."

Based as it is both on faith and facts, it is no wonder that current philosophy is wavering and diverse and accounts for "much that is half-hearted and wavering in our civilization." Whilst there is a mechanistic view on the one hand, on the other, thanks to the power that men have of dividing their minds up into water-tight compartments, there is "an unwavering belief in the world of men and of the higher animals as being composed of self-determining organisms." In the last analysis, however, the philosophy is based on matter, and in this book the author tries to give a sketch of an alternative philosophy based on organization. In some of its chapters, notably those on relativity, on the quantum theory and on abstraction, it is not altogether easy reading. We do not find the chapters on God, nor on science and religion, as helpful as we had hoped. Nevertheless, the book is one well worth reading and we commend it to all real thinkers and students of philosophy, and more especially to all men of science who care to look once in a while outside their own specialities.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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The Making of Modern Italy, by Arrigo Solmi. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

TO most Americans Italy holds its chief interest as a land of monuments and memories of an ancient civilization in which their own had its beginnings; as the theatre where during the middle-ages and the renaissance appeared the resplendent figures of mighty Popes and princes, and were enacted dramas and melodramas replete in valor and heroism or alluring in intrigue and cunning; as the cradle of Christianity, the sacred ground on which the early martyrs bled and on which the See of Peter stands established; as the home of the great masters of the liberal arts; or as the world's most sunny soil under a blue sky, where nature's beauty mingles with picturesque towns and villages, sombre monasteries, and splendid cathedrals and palaces, where the wine is red, hearts are gay, and cares seem few.

To these many, Dr. Solmi's volume offers a new and very different aspect, that of a modern nation risen to a world power under their very eyes, through a century of struggle for national independence and unity. This aspect he presents in a calm and exact historical account of the Risorgimento or the Italian restoration in the nineteenth century.

After the fall of Napoleon I, Italy, having been brought to a certain measure of coherence and given a taste of greater liberty, justice, and prosperity under French dominion, was again divided into many states ruled autocratically by, for the most part, foreign princes under the tyrannical hand of Austria. The thus reimposed Hapsburg yoke awakened in the Italians a dormant desire for national liberty and unity which was destined, under long and severe trials, to grow into a national spirit which finally broke down all obstacles.

The account of this struggle, from the earliest skirmishes of the Carboneria to the establishment of the kingdom of Italy and the occupation of Rome, is filled not only with great deeds but with names whose fame will linger. There is a Mazzini who gave the revolutionary movement its first national organization, and a Gioberto who dreamt of a federation of Italian states under the presidency of the Pope, both clear-sighted liberals whose influence was felt far beyond Italy. There is also a Charles Albert of Piedmont, the first prince to show liberal and nationalistic tendencies, who risked his throne in the first war of liberation against Austria. Pope Pius IX stands out as a benevolent and liberal sovereign who began by supporting the nationalist movement but in the end opposed it for fear of prejudicing the interests of the Church. Cavour's patriotism and diplomatic genius obtained an alliance with Napoleon III which made possible the victories of Magenta and Solferino. Victor Emmanuel II, the liberator and first king of reunited Italy, is the embodiment of the national spirit, and side by side with him towers high the figure of Garibaldi with his red-shirts.

Even 1870, however, did not see the work completed. There still remained in the hands of Austria the provinces known as Italia Irredenta. Moreover, the newly gained national unity was constantly threatened by powerful enemies, Austria, Germany, and France, who were agitated by the Roman question and the latter resentful of having been deserted by her former ally in her war with Prussia. A temporary solution was found in the Triple Alliance. Serious internal difficulties of a financial and economic nature also had to be met. The Moroccan situation long formed an impending danger.

Finally, at a time when Italy was torn by internal strife, came the outbreak of the world war. Having exhausted every diplomatic effort to avert the catastrophe the government, in accord with popular sentiment, declared its neutrality. Subsequent events, however, fostered a growing feeling of indignation against Germany and revealed the menace to Italy in Germany's invasion of France and Austria's war against Serbia. In the end Italy threw her lot with the allied nations.

The story of Italy's contribution in this war, directed chiefly against her ancient enemy, Austria, is one of grim perseverence and of valor; it is also the story of the last phase in her long struggle for national unity. The victory placed once more within her borders most of the provinces of the Italia Irredenta, lost since the fall of Rome, and secured to her definitely a position among the great powers of the world.

The history of the Risorgimento is a long account of events; Dr. Solmi, however, is not content with merely relating these. He has set himself a higher aim in which he appeals not only to students of history, but to men, and this he reaches successfully when he undertakes to show that "the history of the Italian Risorgimento . . . affords a typical example of the causes through which a nation may lose and regain her liberty and, at the same time, a solemn and convincing affirmation of the rights of nationality in the system of balance between European states . . . it makes us appreciate the importance of civil liberties, and it helps us to realize that international justice is a necessity."

CARL CRANSEN.

The Songs of Ensign Stal, from the Swedish of Johan Ludwig Runeberg; translated by Clement Burbank Shaw. New York: G. E. Stechert and Company. $2.50.

THE national military song-cycle of Finland—Fränrik Stals Sägner—was published at Helsingfors in 1848, the work of the renowned Finnish poet, Runeberg (1804-1877) who employed the Swedish language which has been for centuries the principal literary speech of Finland; Runeberg is therefore considered one of the masters of Swedish literature in spite of the fact that practically his whole life was passed in Finland with only a brief visit to Sweden in 1851. He was professor of Roman literature at the universities of Helsingfors and Borga. The Songs of Ensign Stal, in the minds of literary Scandinavians, takes a place beside Tegnér's Frithjof's Saga, which has become so well known in the outer world of letters. Runeberg's work, while it is of the greatest importance and very close to the heart of every Finn and Swede, has never in its entirety been translated into English, so that Mr. C. B. Shaw's book takes on an importance warranted by the excellent quality of his translation and the fine martial, patriotic, and human character of the original.

Runeberg is a master of Swedish versification, a writer of charming simplicity, dealing with lofty poetical material. His work treats of events in the war between the Russians and the Finnish-Swedish peoples begun in 1808 and ended in September, 1809, with the surrender of Finland to the Russians after a very bloody campaign.

Runeberg treats his subject in a series of independent yet cumulative short poems of lyrical order, dealing with the various heroes and characters of the period, the life, sufferings, and aspirations of all classes of the Finnish community, the heroism of the women; and the resultant picture is one which is both splendid and inspiring.

THOMAS WALSH.

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The Private Life of Helen of Troy, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.00.

THE Private Life of Helen of Troy is a light satire, the greater part of which is unusually entertaining and original. Mr. Erskine has staged the famous Helen in the home from which both she and Menelaos have been absent so many years, and where, in the meantime, their daughter, Hermione, has grown up and been pursued by Orestes, her serious-minded cousin, and protected by Eteoneus, the inimitable gatekeeper.

Helen, the truthful, proceeds upon her arrival to reveal the real facts about herself to her scandal-brewing neighbor, Charitas, whose cowardly son, Damastor, promptly falls in love with the serving girl, Adraste. Here the fun begins, for there is truth writ large all over Helen's marginal comments on the crises of life. For though the situation may be antique, the conversations are those of today between any husband and wife with regard to themselves and their offspring. Toward the end of the book the speeches drag and become tiresome—the much-prized Helen takes the floor too much. She has seen to the bottom of the crystal glass of experience; her wish—the wish of every mother—that her daughter shall look upon at least one other desirable man, is exquisitely foiled, and Hermione, as usually happens, marries the man she wants.

The best comment that can be made upon this book is the one that the author puts in Helen's mouth: "I have come to see life as a comedy—a rather wistful and even sad comedy . . . you forget how to cry and you learn to smile at mankind beginning with yourself."

LAURA BENÉT.

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BRIEFER MENTION

My Apprenticeship, by Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $6.00.

THIS chronicle of the development of herself by the gifted and courageous woman who has been one of the makers of Fabian Socialism is an interesting, if possibly too profuse, document. In many respects it will be an indispensable book to those who wish to complete their understanding of the later Victorian Age—the time when romantic impulse had ended in the scientific credo and humanitarianism; when the heritage of industrialism appalled those who cared to think; and when the social forces, as Zola and others had seen them, became one of the great literary motives. Mrs. Webb tells much about these varied things, and quite as much about herself. She was one of the earlier "public women," experiencing to the full both the joy and the sacrifice involved in separating from a social groove that was so pleasureable and so hallowed by time. "Did the extent of my brain power—I was always asking myself—warrant sacrificing happiness, and even risking a peaceful acceptance of life, through the insurgent spirit of a defiant intellect? For in those days of customary subordination of the woman to the man—a condition accentuated in my case by special circumstances—it would not have been practicable to unite the life of love and the life of reason." Yet she did unite them finally in her marriage with the brilliant young Socialist writer whose work had interested her before it had been flavored with personal acquaintance. Their mutual reformative theory grew out of the general consciousness which Mrs. Webb formulates thus: "What seemed clear, alike to the wage-earner himself and to the intellectuals concerned about the chronic penury and insecurity of the manual worker's lot in the midst of riches, was that all the misery had arisen from the divorce which the industrial revolution had brought about between the manual worker and the ownership, alike of the instruments of production and the product itself." The Fabian acceptance of this social condition and its proffered remedy cannot be analyzed here. It must be sufficient to say that Mrs. Webb herself scarcely makes a case for it in the present book. She is interested in describing herself and her era; and both subjects are worth the exposition and as much attendant sympathetic reflection as the reader can give them.

Two Vincentian Martyrs, adapted from the French by Florence Gilmore. Maryknoll: the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America. $1.00.

IN smooth, reverent English, Florence Gilmore has adapted from the French the stories of two early nineteenth-century missionary martyrs. The Blessed Francis Regis Clet and the Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, both of the Vincentian Order, now sleep side by side under the altar of a Paris church. Very likely neither anticipated the honor of such a shrine, nor dreamed that the narrative of their service would come to prove so encouraging to many. Father Clet, who had known the horrors of the French revolution, lived during the whole of his missionary life in the midst of oriental rebellions and bloody persecutions. Finally he was apprehended, and after a long imprisonment was put to death by strangulation. Father Perboyre, for his part, seems to have been far advanced on the path of the mystical life. Some of his prayers, as reprinted in the present volume, are really very beautiful and appropriate. After a period of harrowing imprisonment, he was put to death on a cross.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"What with one thing and another in European affairs," said Dr. Angelicus, "it would seem that the business of the beauty specialists has received an unexpected impetus."

"I don't understand," said Miss Brynmarian, "what European affairs have to do with beauty specialists—nor can I see how at present their trade can be in a particularly flourishing state. Haven't you read of the proposed investigations into its methods demanded by women whose appearance has been injured by them?"

"I suppose you refer to the complaints of those silly women who have undergone the treatment known as 'lifting the face,'" replied Dr. Angelicus. "If they were presumptuous enough to try to thwart the process of nature, and suffered in so doing, it seems to me they deserved it. The motto of such women seems not to be, 'lift up your hearts,' but rather 'lift up your faces.' They should concern themselves with the things of the spirit, and in matters of the physiognomy they should trust to nature—who, after all, knows best."

"I'm not so sure," said Miss Brynmarian, "that nature does know best; for nature, after all, has done some strange things to people. She has crossed eyes that should have been straight—and made bald, heads which should have been covered with hair, and—"

"Does my hair seem to be growing any thinner?" interrupted the Doctor, nervously, passing his hand over his head.

"I do not wish to commit myself on anything personal," replied Miss Brynmarian. "Let us keep this conversation on the general, rather than the personal—the very general. We were talking about nature."

"Well," replied Angelicus, "to return to this question of lifting faces. When nature considers it time for a face to fall, she surely is going to protest when that face is lifted artificially. If I were a beauty specialist and a foolish woman came to me and said: 'Lift my face,' I should reply: 'It is more fitting that it should lie peacefully where it has fallen.' And in the case of some women I know, my reply would be: 'I am not in training for lifting extremely heavy objects. Try Houdini.'"

"Doctor, how can you be so bitter?" asked Miss Brynmarian. "I'm sure you would rather look at a smooth face than at a wrinkled one."

"Not at all, young woman," said the Doctor. "You don't realize that there is a certain beauty in the gentle lines of time. A soft, baked-apple face is sometimes much more attractive than a round, hard, pippin one."

"I suppose, then, that your favorite song is Katishaw's from The Mikado." And Miss Brynmarian began to hum:—'There's a fascination frantic, in a ruin that's romantic.—Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?'"

"Exactly," said Angelicus. "And for that reason I deplore the recent encouragement given to the beauty business."

"But I still fail to see that there is such encouragement. From what do you draw your conclusions that the trade is flourishing? From the complexions of the ladies you meet?"

"No," replied Angelicus, "but from the complexion of European affairs."

"You talk in riddles," said Miss Brynmarian.

"To explain," retorted Angelicus. "Mussolini was shot, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Miss Brynmarian.

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"Very well," went on Angelicus, "where was he shot?"

"In Rome," answered Miss Brynmarian.

"No, in the nose," corrected Angelicus.

"A Roman nose must be quite a hazard," mused Miss Brynmarian.

"Exactly. For it is obvious that the lady with the gun, for some reason sufficient unto herself, did not like Mussolini's nose—in fact, that she had brooded upon her distaste for it so long that she was compelled to take careful aim with a pistol and shoot it."

"That was one way of trying to remove what to her was a disagreeable feature of the dictatorship," admitted Miss Brynmarian. "But still I can't see the connection with the alleged boom in the beauty trade."

"Nevertheless, it is obvious," said the Doctor. "If Mussolini had consulted a beauty specialist in time, the accident might have been averted. You can be sure that the trade will seize upon this idea and use it to advantage. Expect to see advertisements reading: 'Look to your nose! Is it straight? Does it need reconstruction? Remember what happened to Mussolini, and take timely measures. Consult Dr. Jabem Cutter before it is too late.' "

"Well," said Miss Brynmarian, "that only proves my point that beauty specialists are a real necessity."

"By the way," said Angelicus, again stroking his head, "if we may descend to the personal for a moment, do you know of anything to recommend as a good preventive for oncoming baldness?"

"It is best not to interfere with nature," said Miss Brynmarian, severely, as she rose to go, "for perhaps, after all, as you say, nature knows best."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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